Divine Breathings:

John

OR, A

Mordaunt

Pious SOUL

Thirsting after

CHRIST.

In a hundred Pathetical

MEDITATIONS.

The Eighth Edition.

Psalm 73. 25.

Whom have I in Heaven but thee? And there is none upon Earth that I desire besides thee.

London, Printed for *Edward Pawlet*, at the Sign of the *Bible* in *Chancery-Lane*, near *Fleet-Street*, 1698.

141. K. 22.

Hannah Ling
Her Book god give
her grace therein to
look and not to look
but understand for
learning is better then
house and land
and when the bell
doth for her toll
Lord Jesus christ
receive her soul

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TO THE
Christian Reader.

WE know that Christ accepted the Widows Mite: This Orphan is to thee the Zealous Offering of its Parent, whose Intention is to furnish thee with Holy Desires, which are a Christians Wings to fly to Heaven, and therefore challenges thy Acceptance. We have in Holy Writ the Psalms of *David* left us for our Example, wherein we read his Longing to be with God, desiring the Wings of a Dove, that he might fly away and be at rest: And assimilating his thirsting after Christ to the Heart, *As the Heart panteth after the Water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!*

Lo, here's one that hath learn'd by *David*'s Rules, and fain would have thee learn by his; and doubtless in imitation of that heavenly Prophet, purposely penn'd these his Pious Ejaculations, to leave them for Posterity, to be a furtherance in the Way to Bliss.

And though the Authors Name is not prefix'd, his Piety these heavenly Breathings speak: Which being found by a Person of no mean Degree among the Writings of an eminent Divine, have been by him communicated only to his deareſt Relations, as a celeſtial Dove to carry the Olive-branch of Peace into their Souls. It being my happineſs to receive a Copy, my own affections for the good of others, inſtantly inflamed my Deſires to publiſh it, and being ſeconded, not only by the Approbations, but earneſt Solicitations of my Friends, I have aſſented and here preſent it to thee; hoping thy Devotions may hereby be raiſed, thy holy Deſires increaſed, and thy Soul have a reliſh on Earth, of the unſpeakable Joys in Heaven. Which that thou mayſt have the Fruition of, is the hearty Prayer of,

Thy Cordial Friend,

Chriſtopher Perin.

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The Wigram
Book Brighton
Sussex

Divine

Divine Breathings:

OR,

A Pious Soul-Thirsting

AFTER

CHRIST:

In Heavenly Meditations.

Of Meditation and Prayer.

I. MEditation and Prayer are like the Spies that went to search the Land of *Canaan*, the one views, and the other cuts down, and both bring home a Taste of the fairest and sweet-

 est

eſt Fruits of Heaven. Meditation, like the Eye, views our Mercies; and Prayer, like the Hand, reacheth in thoſe Mercies; or, Meditation is like a Factor, which lyeth abroad to gather in what we want: And Prayer, like a Ship, goeth forth, and brings in what we deſire. It is my Miſery, that I cannot be ſo perfect, as not want; but it is thy Mercy, that I cannot be ſo miſerable, as not to be ſupplied. Meditation cannot find out a real Want, but Prayer will fetch in an anſwerable Comfort. Lord! If Mercy be ſo free, I will never be poor, but I will meditate to know it; never know it, but I will pray to ſupply it; and yet not reſt, until thou ſhalt do more for me, than I am able to ask or think.

Contemplation.

2. SAint *Bernard* ſweetly compares Contemplation to the Eagle, for as the Eagle is ſtill faſtning her Eye upon the radiant Beams of the beautiful Sun: So Contemplation is ſtill viewing the glorious Beams of the Son of Righteouſneſs; it is ſtill converſant about the high and profitable things of Salvation: Or elſe I may compare it to thoſe Birds, of whom *David* ſpeaks, who build their Neſts by the Altar of God. This is that Celeſtial Bird, that builds her Neſt about the Throne of Glory. This is the Bee which flyeth into the ſweeteſt Gardens, and ſucks Honey from every Flower of Paradiſe. By Meditation I can converſe with God, ſolace my ſelf in the Boſom of my Beloved, bathe

my ſelf in Rivers of Pleaſures, tread the Paths of my Reſt, and view the Manſion of my Eternity. What makeſt thou then, O my Soul! in this Valley of Tears? Up upon the Mount, and view the Land of Promiſe. What makeſt thou in this Wilderneſs of Trouble? Up upon the Wing, and take thy Flight to Heaven: let thy thoughts be where thy Happineſs is, and let thy Heart be where thy Thoughts are; though thy Habitation may be on Earth, yet thy Converſation ſhall be in Heaven.

The Nature of the Soul.

3. WHat art thou? O my Soul! a ſpiritual Eſſence, an incorporeal Subſtance, the very Breath of God, and Epitomy of Heaven. What ſatisfies thee? O my immortal Soul! none but

but the immortal God, in whom all fulneſs dwells, he only can fill the Soul, that fills Heaven and Earth; the inſufficient Creature may fill the Soul with Vexation, none but the All-ſufficient God can fill the Soul with Contentation. O Lord, as no Action of mine will ſatisfie thee without my ſelf, ſo no Creature of thine will ſatisfie me without thy ſelf; therefore, O Lord, take thou my Heart, and give me thy ſelf.

Deſires of the Soul.

4. WHat want'ſt thou? O my Soul! with what imaginable Excellency wouldſt thou cloth thy ſelf? What deſirable Object wouldſt thou pitch upon? Is it Beauty? the Righteous ſhall ſhine forth as the Sun in the Kingdom of Heaven, and the Wiſe as

the Brightneſs of the Firmament for ever and ever. Is it Riches? Wealth and Riches are in the Houſe of God, every one in his Family ſhall have a rich, a glorious, and incorruptible, and eternal Inheritance amongſt the Saints. What is it then? Is it Honour? What Honour like to this, to be a Friend and a Favourite of God, and a Spouſe of Chriſt; to have a Crown of Righteouſneſs, of Life, and of Glory? Yet more, a far more exceeding and eternal Weight of Glory ſet upon thy Head. Yet again Is it Pleaſure? The Juſt ſhall enter into their Maſters Joy, and there are Rivers of Pleaſure at his Right Hand for evermore. In a Word, What wouldſt thou have? Oh my Fleſh! A Confluence of all the glorious things, both in Heaven and in Earth? Why, Godlineſs hath the Promiſe of this Life, and

of

of that which is to come. If Heaven, and the Righteouſneſs thereof, be the thing that thou doeſt ſeek; both Heaven and Earth, with the Excellencies thereof, is that which thou ſhalt find. Lord, make me holy, and then I am ſure I ſhall be happy.

A Chriſtians End.

5. WIſe Agents do always propound their Ends before they ſet upon their Work: And then direct their Actions to that end they did propound. If the Mariner lanch, it is that he may get to ſuch a Harbour: Therefore he ſails by Compaſs, that he may compaſs that he ſails for. A Chriſtian ſhould have always one Eye upon his End, and the other eye upon his Way. That Man lives a bruiſh Life, that knows not what he lives for, and he acts

but a Fools Part, that aims at Heaven, and lives at random. A wise Christian, his end of living is, that he may live without end; and therefore his way of Living is, that he may live continually to spend his Life in the Ways of Life; he is always walking in those Paths where he sees Heaven before him. O my Soul! What is it that thou aimest at? Is it a full Enjoyment of thy God? Why then whil'st thou art present in this Body, be always drawing near to the Lord; so when thou shalt be absent from this Body, then thou shalt be always present with the Lord.

A Rich Worldling.

6. HOW apt many are at the Sight of a Rich Worldling to envy him for what he hath: But for

for my part, I rather pity him for what he wants; he hath a Talent, but it wants Improvement; he hath a Lamp, but it wants Oyl; he hath a Soul, but it wants Grace; he hath the Star, but he wants the Sun; he he hath the Creature, but he wants the Creator. In his Life he doth but float upon a Torrent of Vanity, which empties it ſelf into an Ocean of Vexation; and after Death, then take this unprofitable Servant, bind him Hand and Foot, and caſt him into utter Darkneſs; go ſet his Soul adrift for ever in an impetuous Lake of Fire and Brimſtone. Where now is the Object of your Envy? It is not his Silver that now will Anchor him, nor his Gold that ſhall land him, nor his Friends that can comfort him, therefore if he be worth the envying, who is worth the pitying? If this be Felicity, then give me Miſery. Lord! rather make

me poor with a good Heart, than rich with a bad Conſcience.

Chriſtians Choice.

7. I Am frail, and the World is fading; but my Soul is immortal, and God is eternal. If I pitch upon the Creature, either they may take Wings like an Eagle that flyeth towards Heaven, or my Soul may take its way with the rich Fool, and go to Hell; but if I chooſe God for my Portion, then Mercy and Goodneſs ſhall follow me whilſt I live, and Glory and Eternity ſhall crown me when I die. I will therefore now leave that which I ſhall ſoon looſe, that ſo I may embrace that which I ſhall always enjoy.

The. Difference between good and bad Men, with reſpect to this Life.

8. I See the Wicked have their Heaven here, and their Hell hereafter; and on the contrary, good men have their Hell here, and their Heaven hereafter. *Dives* had his good things in this Life, and *Lazarus* evil; now *Lazarus* is comforted, and *Dives* is tormented. I will not therefore envy the Proſperity of the Wicked, nor be offended at the Affliction of the Righteous, ſeeing the one is drawn in pomp to Hell, whilſt the other ſwims in Tears to Heaven.

Spiritual Joy and Sorrow.

9. AS there is a ſad Mirth, ſo there is a joyful Mourning; look upon the voluptuous Man how-

however Laughter may appear in his Face, yet Sadneſs ever centers in his Heart; his Carnal Delights are not only vain but vexing; like Muſick, they play him into a Melancholly Fit: Whil'ſt the Banquet laſts, the Senſualiſt ſings; but when the Reckoning comes, his Spirit ſinks, his burning Candle preſently goes out in a ſtinking Snuff, his ſhining Sun inſtantly ſets in a watery Cloud. *Solomon* gives us the Sum of it thus: *Even in Laughter the Heart is ſorrowful, and the end of that Mirth is heavineſs.* But now come to the penitential Perſon, as his Tears are the Joy of Angels, ſo they are the Joy of his Heart, and the Solace of his Soul; the ſalter his Tears, the ſweeter his Comforts; the deeper his Sighs, the fuller his Joy; the Beams of Conſolation always ſhine into this Houſe of Mourning, ſo that his Soul is in Travel with a

Bar-

Barnabas, and his Labours bring forth the Fruits of Peace; insomuch, that I may truly say, To mourn for Sin, is to weep for Joy. These pure and pleasant Streams of Consolation (which is the Worldlings Wonder) that flow and run in those Christal Rivers of Eternal Pleasure, at Gods Right hand, they come from a weeping Spring. Why then is the Mouth of Wickedness opened against the way of Holiness? As if Grace were the *Calvary* to intomb Joy, and Impiety the very Womb to bring forth Felicity; but if Experience may be heard, my Soul hath felt both, and I find such Damps of Spirit in worldly Pleasures and such refreshing of Soul in the depth of godly Sorrow, that I shall esteem one drop of such spiritual Joy, better than an Ocean of their Carnal Mirth.

The Souls Happineſs

10. WHere thine Happineſs lyeth, there thy Portion lyeth: If thou place thy Felicity in a poor empty Creature: If with *Judas* thy Spirit run ſo low, that thou canſt be content only to keep the Bag, or with *Reuben*, for ſome worldly Convenience to quarter on this ſide *Jordan*: tWhy then, unworthy Soul, take hat which is thine own, and go thy way: If thou wilt be put off with a Breath of Honour, a Blaze of Pleaſure, a Snare of Riches, or a Parcel of Vanity; Why then, go take thy Fill, look for no more from God. Thou ſeeſt thy All when thou goeſt from hence, then farewell all, in the mean while remember this, That when the Breath ſhall be expired, the Blaze extinct, and the Soul for ever enſnared,

ſnared, then thy Eternity ſhall be ſpent in bewailing thy Folly: But now O precious Soul! If thou place thy Felicity in the higheſt Excellency, thy Portion lies in the chiefeſt Good: If it be thine Happineſs always to behold the Beauty of Gods Face it ſhall be thy Portion for ever to behold the Beauty of Gods Preſence. Lord, let the Worldling then be ſent away with ſome poor worldly Trifles, but for my part, ſince thou haſt made me capable of ſuch heavenly Excellencies, I deſire never to be put off with tranſitory Vanities, my Happineſs lies only in thy ſelf: therefore, whatever I enjoy beſide thy ſelf, I will take it as a Bleſſing, but not as a Portion.

Spiritual Desires.

11. UNsatiable Desires in Temporals, makes a poor Man in Spirituals; a right Christian is only rich in outward things, when he is contented with what he hath. That Man hath nothing of Heavenly things, that thirsteth not after more. Worldly Desires always leave us empty, either we get not what we covet, or else we are not satisfied with what we get; but he that thirsteth after Heavenly things is always filled, and the more he recieves, the more he desires. The richest and choicest Mercies that God can give, sincere Desires will fetch them in. What a glorious Improvment might we make of this Affection, if we did but divert the Stream, and turn them Heaven-ward? How many excel-

excellent Mercies lye aground, and only want this Tide to bring them in? Why then let I my Desires run out in waste? I do but make my self poor, in thirsting after more of the World, and more of the Creature? whereas I might be rich if I would but count more of Grace, and of Christ.

Deceitful Riches.

12. USually, when a Worldling is dead, we ask, how rich he died? O! (say many) he died rich, he hath left a great Estate: Alas! the poor Man hath slept his Sleep, lost his Dream, and now he awakes, he finds nothing in his Hand, where lyes his golden Heap? Only the Rust of that Heap is gone to witness against him, his Mammon fails him, only the Unrighteousness of it follows him; others have

have the use of it, only the Abuse of it, he carries to Judgment with him, he hath made his Friends (as we say) but he hath undone himself, so that I may justly write this Motto upon every Bag, [*This is the Price of Blood.*] Shall I then treasure up the Price of Blood? No, Christ hath entrusted me, as a Steward, therefore what I have, and need not, Christ shall have in his Members, that need, and have not. So the transitory Creatures, when they shall slide away, shall not carry me with them; but when I shall pass away, I shall carry them with me.

Misery of a wicked Man.

13. GOod Lord! what a Miserable Creature is a wicked Man? His very Manna turns to Worms, his very Mercies make him

him miſerable; look upon him in his larger Eſtate, and you ſhall find, either he hath not the Benefit of enjoying it, only the Danger of keeping it, and this adds not to his Comfort; or elſe if he doth enjoy it, he doth ſo miſerably abuſe it, that, as one ſaith well, He makes that, which for uſe is but temporal, for Puniſhment to be eternal. Alas! the Pleaſures of it are quickly gone, but the Pain of it lyes in his Bones for ever. Lord, therefore help me to improve thy Mercies, or elſe thy Mercies will but improve my Miſeries.

Book of Conſcience.

14. WOuldeſt thou know whether thy Name be written in the Book of Life? Why then read what thou haſt written in the Book of Conſcience. Thou needeſt

needeſt not ask, who ſhall aſcend up into Heaven, for to ſearch the Records of Eternity; thou mayeſt but deſcend down into thine own Heart, and there read what thou art, and what thou ſhalt be. Though Gods Book of Election and Reprobation be cloſed and kept above with God; yet thy Book of Conſcience, that is open, and kept below in thy very Boſome; and what thou writeſt here, thou ſhalt be ſure to read there: if I write nothing in this Book but the black Lines of Sin; I ſhall find nothing in Gods Book but the red Lines of Damnation: But if I write Gods Word in the Book of Conſcience, I may be ſure God hath written my Name in the Book of Life. At the great Day of Judgment, when all Books ſhall be opened, there I ſhall either read the ſweeteſt or the ſharpeſt Lines; I will therefore

ſo write here that I may not be a-ſhamed to read hereafter.

Dangerous Curioſity.

15. BE not curious to ſearch into the Secrets of God, pick not the Lock where he hath allowed no Key. He that will be fitting every Cloud, may be ſmitten with a Thunder-bolt; and he that will be too familiar with Gods Secrets, may be overwhelmed in his Judgments: *Adam* would curiouſly increaſe his Knowledge, wherefore *Adam* ſhamefully loſt his Goodneſs: The *Bethſhemites* would needs pry into the Ark of God, therefore the Hand of God ſlew above fifty thouſand of them: Therefore hover not about this Flame, leſt we ſcorch our Wings. For my part, ſeeing God hath made me his Secretary, I will carefully improve my

my ſelf by what we have revealed, and not curiouſly inquire into, or after what he hath reſerved.

Death.

16. NOthing is ſo ſure as Death, and nothing ſo uncertain as the Time: I may be too old to live, I can never be too young to dye, I will therefore live every Hour, as if I were to dye the next.

Eſtate of a Man at Death.

17. AS the Tree falleth, ſo it lyeth, and where Death ſtrikes down, there God lays out, either for Mercy or Miſery. So that I may compare it to the Red Sea, If I go in an *Iſraelite*, my Landing ſhall be in Glory, and my Rejoycing in Triumph, to ſee all mine Enemies

Enemies dead upon the Sea-ſhore; but if I go in an *Ægyptian*, if I be on this ſide the Cloud, on this ſide the Covenant, and yet go in hardned among the Troops of *Pharaoh*, Juſtice ſhall return in its full Strength, and an Inundation of Judgment ſhall overflow my Soul for ever. Or elſe I may compare it to the Sleep of the ten Virgins, of whom it is ſaid, they ſlumbered and ſlept, we ſhall all fall into this ſleep; now if I lye down with the Wiſe, I ſhall go in with the Bridegroom; but if I ſleep with the Fooliſh, without Oyl in my Lamp, without Grace in my Soul, have cloſed the Gates of Mercy upon my Soul for ever. I ſee then this Life is the Time, wherein I muſt go forth to meet the Lord, this is the Hour wherein I muſt do my Work, and that the Day wherein I muſt be judged according to my Works. I know

know not how ſoon I may fall into this Sleep: Therefore, Lord, grant that I live every Day in thy Sight, as I deſire to appear the laſt Day in thy Preſence.

Small Space between Life and Death.

18. WHat is ſaid of the Mariner, in reſpect to his Ship that he always ſails within four inches of Death, that may be ſaid of the Soul, in relation to the Body, that it is always in four inches of Eternity; if the Ship ſplits, then the Sailor ſinks, if our earthen Veſſels break, the Soul is gone, plunged for ever into the bottomleſs Sea, and bankleſs Ocean of Eternity. This is the Soul therefore that I deſire to weep over, that ſhall prepoſterouſly lanch into the Deep, before he knows whether he ſhall ſink or ſwim.

Pre-

Preparation for Death.

19. IT was a ſad ſpeech of a dying King, *Nondum cœpi vivere jam cogor vivendi finem facere*, I muſt now dye before I begin to live. It is the ſad Condition of many a dying Man, that their Work is to do when their Hour is come, when the Enemy is in the Gate, their Weapons are to look for; when Death is at the Door, their Graces are to look for; when the Bridegroom is come, their Oyl is to buy; the Purſuer of Blood is upon them, and the City of Refuge not ſo much as thought of by them: In a Word, the ſeven years of Plenty are waſted, and no Proviſion for the years of Famine; time is ſpent, and nothing laid up for Eternity. I will therefore now finiſh every Work I

have to do, that to dye might be the last Work I have to finish.

Evil Age.

20. THis impudent Age of ours is grown so eminently uncivil, that it is now adays counted one of the greatest Shames to be ashamed of Sin; but for my part, I had rather be accounted the World's Fool, than God's Enemy.

Christians Courage.

21. WOrldling, thou derideſt to see a Christian melting at the Word, trembling at a sin: I tell thee, he is of a Noble Carriage, he can triumph in Death, and in Judgment, it is not the King of Fears that can appal him

him, or Hell it ſelf that can affright him; but as a Conqueror over both, he can leave the World with a Smile: *O Death, where is thy Sting? O Hell, where is thy Victory?* That is his triumphant Valediction and Farewell. But thou that glorieſt ſo much, becauſe thou canſt ſilence Conſcience, and outface Sin; I tell thee, thou art of a baſe cowardly Spirit, let but a little Sickneſs impair thy Health, or the Thoughts of Death charge upon thy Spirit, and what quick Retreatings are there from thy bold Reſolutions? What Heavineſs clouds thy Looks? What Terrors ſhake thy Joynts? What Sadneſs ſinks thy Heart? So that a Fancy frights thee, a Shadow ſtartles thee, *Nabal* like, thy Spirits dye, and ſink within thee like a Stone. Therefore jeer on, for my part, I hold it better to fear, while God

threatens, than to fall when God judgeth.

The Souls Communion.

22. THE nearer the Moon draweth into Conjunction with the Sun, the brighter it ſhines towards the Heavens, and the obſcurer it ſhews towards the Earth: So the nearer the Soul draws into Communion with Jeſus Chriſt, the comelier it is in the Eye of the Spouſe, and the blacker it appears in the Sight of the World: He that is a precious Chriſtian to the Lord, is a preciſe Puritan to the World, He that is glorious to an heavenly Saint, is odious to an earthly Spirit. But it is a ſign thou art an *Ægyptian*, when that Cloud, which is a Light to an *Iſraelite*, is Darkneſs to thee: It is a ſign thou moveſt in a Terreſtrial Orb, when thou ſeeſt

ſeeſt no Luſtre in ſuch celeſtial Lights; for my part, if I ſhine to God, I care not how I ſhew to the World.

The Worth of a Chriſtian.

23. IT appears not what we are to the World, and it hardly appears what we ſhall be to our ſelves; for did they know that we are Jewels of God, the Favourites of Heaven, the Excellency of the Creation, the Beloved of Chriſt, they would not mock and perſecute us as they do: Or if we did but know that we ſhould be glorified together with Chriſt, his Happineſs ſhall be as our Happineſs, and that his Joy ſhall be as our Joys, and his Glories ſhall be as our Glories, truly we ſhould not be ſo much dejected as we are: When I conſider, that my Life is hid with Chriſt in God, I

wonder not to see the World hath me; but when I consider that when Christ shall appear, I shall be like him, I wonder it doth so much as trouble me.

Prosperity of the Wicked.

24. WHY should I fret my self at the Prosperity of the Wicked? Indeed, when I look upon the spreading Bay, and forget the withering Herb; when I view their Quails, and forget their Curse, my Feet, my Feet had almost slipt; but since I went into the Sanctuary of God, I find that all the Blossoms of their Glory must dis flourish under the Blastings of Gods Wrath; and all their external Felicity doth but only perfect the Judgments of the Lord, and fill up the Measure of their Misery; for what's their Pleasure, but just like the deceitful Salute of

of *Joab* with *Amasa*? What's their Honour, but like *Absalom*'s Mule, it only mounts, and carries them to their Gallows? What is their Riches, but like *Jael*'s Present in a Lordly Dish, it only makes way for the fatal Nail, for their sad Account at the Day of Judgment. This their Prosperity slays them: Now who esteems that Ox happy, that hath a goodly Pasture to feed himself for the Slaughter? Who envies that Malefactor, that hath a fair Day to ride to Execution in; And why is it that the Workers of Iniquity flourish? Is it not that they may be destroyed for ever? And the larger their Pasture, the sooner they are fitted for the Slaughter. I therefore for my part, when I see a Sinner prosper in his Wickedness, will turn the Flame of Envy into a Tear of Pity.

A Christians Heaven and Hell.

25. THIS is Heaven to be for ever with the Lord; and this is Hell, for ever to be without the Lord. You that can see no Beauty in Christ, nor Glory in Heaven, do you likewise see no Flames in Hell, no Hell in Loss of God? You therefore that cannot be taken with his Presence, Oh tremble at his Absence! And you that care not to be with, Oh, fear to be without him! For this is Hell on Earth, *Depart from us*; and this is Hell when we leave the Earth, *Depart from me.* Lord, thou art my Heaven, and my Happiness, unite me to thee, that I may be for ever with thee.

The Uſe of Riches.

26. THat Good which is in Riches, lieth altogether in their Uſe, like the Womans Box of Ointment, if it be not broken and poured out for the ſweet Refreſhment of Jeſus Chriſt in his diſtreſſed Members, they loſe their Worth. Therefore the covetous Man may truly write upon his ruſting Heaps, *Theſe are good for nothing*. *Chryſoſtom* tells us, That he is not rich that lays up much, but that lays out much; for it's all one, not to have, as not to uſe. I will therefore be the richer by a charitable laying out, while the Worldling ſhall be the poorer by his covetous hoarding up.

The Worldlings God.

27. WHO will part with his God? I will part with my Life rather than with my God: No marvel then the covetuous Man ſo hugs his Gold, it is his God; if you take that from him, he may cry with *Micah*, when he loſt his God, *What have I more*? His Heaven is gone, his Happineſs is gone, his All is gone, if God be gone: I will not therefore wonder ſo much at the cloſeneſs of his Hand, as at the vainneſs of his Heart: We count it ſingular Wiſdom to keep that God we chuſe, but that is abſolute Folly to chuſe that God we cannot keep.

The

The Souls Happineſs.

28. OH my Soul! Thou art ſpiritual in thine Eſſence, immenſible in thy Deſires, and immortal in thy Nature, ſo that there muſt be Proportion and Perfection of what thou enjoyeſt, with a Perennity of Both; or elſe no full Content, no real Satisfaction: Now, were the univerſal World turned into a pleaſant *Eden*, and that *Eden* refreſhed with the living Springs of Immortality, and thou ſeated in the Throne of its choiceſt Excellencies, crowned with the Diadem of its higheſt Felicities, ſwaying the Sceptre of thy Glory over all ſublunary Creatures: Nay, could'ſt thou give Reins to the Sun, or Guidance to the moving Flames; did thy Territories board upon the higheſt Heavens, and the Revenues of thy Crown

Crown flow in from the farthest Parts of the Earth, yet what Proportion doth a material World bear to an immortal Soul? Will a Lion feed upon Grass? Or can the Soul be satisfied with Dust? Thou may'st as soon feed thy Body with Grass, as thy Soul with the Creature; if it did bear Proportion, yet it wants Perfection: Could the Devil turn a Chymist, and extract the very vital Spirits and Quintessence of the purest and desirablest Excellencies under Heaven, yet it is of such an imperfect Nature, that there is more Lees than Liquor, more Thorns than Flowers, more Smoak than Fire, more Sting than Honey; so that the Soul shall be filled with a Whirl-wind of Vexation, that thinks to be satisfied with an object of Imperfection; for it is impossible that such a scanty Excellency should any ways fill such an enlarged Capacity.

Yet

Yet again, were there Perfection, yet there is not Perpetuity, it will fly away like a Bird from the Perch, or melt away like Ice before the Sun, and so leave the immortal Soul to sink for ever; so that the Creature will not only make thee restless, but leave thee miserable: I see then, that I shall never rest, till I rest in God; he that is the Father of Spirits, the Fountain of Bliss, the Ancient of Days, he only is the Adequate Object for thine immortal Soul, the rest of the Creatures is in its End, the end of the Soul is its God. Therefore, Lord, seeing thou hast made me for thy self, fill me fully with thy self, or take me wholly to thy self.

The Vanity of the World.

29. DOth Satan tempt thee, either by Pleasures, Dignities or Profits? O my Soul! stand upon thy Guard, gird on thy strength with such Thoughts as these, What can the World profit me, if the Cares choak me? How can Pleasures comfort me, if the Sting poyson me? Or what Advancement is this, to be triumphing in honour before the Face of Men here, and to be trembling for Shame before the Throne of God hereafter? What are the Delights of the World, to the Peace of my Conscience, or the Joy that is in the Holy Ghost? What are the Applauses of Men, to the Crown prepared by God? Or what is the Gain of the World, to the Loss of my Soul? The Vanity of the Creature is far beneath the Excellency

Excellency of my Soul. Therefore, Satan, you and I must keep at an everlasting Distance, for you bid me loss.

The Christian Traveller.

30. A Black Cloud makes the Traveller mend his Pace and mind his Home; whereas a fair Day, and a pleasant Way, wasts his time, and that stealeth away his Affections in the Prospect of the Country: However others may think of it, yet I take it as a Mercy, that now and then some Clouds do interpose my Sun, and many times some Troubles do eclipse my Comforts: For I perceive, if I should find too much Friendship in my Inn, in my Pilgrimage, I should soon forget my Fathers House, and my Heritage.

The Worlds Hatred to living Saints.

31. THere is a Generation of Men, that will praiſe and adore the Saints in Heaven, and yet mock and afflict the Saints on Earth; ſo that were all thoſe Saints alive again, whom they ſo much honour in their Day, I dare affirm, they would perſecute them in their perſon: Like the *Jews*, they can garniſh the Sepulchre of the Righteous, and yet play the *Jew* with the Perſon of the Righteous. Diſſembling World, thy Tongue embalms a dead Saint, whilſt thy Hand ſtrikes a Wound into the living Saints, and thou canſt praiſe God for thoſe that are departed in the Faith, and yet perſecute God in thoſe that will not depart from the Faith. O fooliſh World! muſt thou needs condemn thy ſelf, for thy Praiſe hath

hath left thy Practice without excuſe.

Honour the best Treaſures. Ling.

32. *Alexander* being ask't where he would lay his Treaſure? anſwered very well: *Apud Amicos*, among his Friends, being confident, that there it would be kept with Safety, and returned with Uſe. What needeſt thou enlarge thy Barns? Knoweſt not thou where to lay thy Plenty? Make the Friends of Chriſt thy Treaſury, let the Hands of the Widow, the Bowels of the Poor be thy Store-Houſe: here it is ſure, no Thief can ſteal it, no Time can ruſt it, no Change can loſe it, and here 'tis improved. A temporal Gift is here turned into an eternal Reward; no Ground ſo fruitful as the Boſom of the Poor, that brings forth an hundred fold.

The

The Worlds Worthleſneſs.

33. O My Soul! what makeſt thou grovelling on the Earth? Every thing here below is too baſe for thine Excellency, too ſhort for thine Eternity: Thou art capable of God, and muſt have a Being; when theſe poor Creatures are reduced to nothing, the Creature is too baſe a Metal to make thee a Crown of Glory, too rotten a Bottom to carry thee through Eternity. Oh fill thy ſelf with God, ſo ſhalt thou raiſe thy Dignity to Perpetuity.

A Chriſtians Circumſpection.

34. WHere any thing preſents its ſelf, think if Chriſt were now alive, would he do it; or if I were now to dye, would I do it? I muſt walk as he hath walked

walked, and I must live as I intend to dye: if it be not Christs Will, it is my Sin, and if I dye in that Sin, it will be my Ruine: I will therefore in every Action so carry my self, as if Christ were on the one Hand, and Death on the other.

Live with respect to Eternity.

35. OUR Life is but a Moment of Time; and yet in this Moment of Time we sow the Seeds of Eternity, in this transitory hour I am framing to my self either a good or a bad Eternity. These Words that now I speak, these Works that I now act, though they here seem to rot, yet they shall spring up to Eternity. Therefore, as the Poet answeredone, upbraiding him for being three days about three Verses, whereas he could make an hundred in one day: Oh, saith he, *At tui*

ad

ad triduum modo, mei in omne æternum duraturi ſunt: Thine are but for three days, as it were, but mine muſt continue for ever; according to my Carriage now, my Name muſt either riſe or fall for ever. So may we anſwer this fooliſh World, upbraiding us of too much Strictneſs and Preciſeneſs: Oh! had not we need to be exact indeed, when the Works we are about, are not to be written in Sand, but in the Records of Eternity: The Lines that now we draw muſt run parrallel with Eternity; and according as we carry our ſelves in this Moment of Time our Souls muſt live or dye for ever. O Lord! help me ſo to improve the Brevity of my Life, by the Integrity of my Actions, that I may turn this Moment of Miſery into an Eternity of Bliſs.

The happy Lives of the Bleſſed.

36. THE Soul of Man (ſaith the Philoſopher) is the Horiſon of Time and Eternity: Now if the Sun of Righteouſneſs be not riſen in our Horiſon, we muſt expect nothing but a clouded Time, and a ſtormy Eternity, groſs Darkneſs here, and utter Darkneſs hereafter for ever. But as for thoſe bleſſed Saints, into whoſe Souls the oriental Splendor of the Sun of Righteouſneſs is ſhed abroad, how do they live in his ſight? What celeſtial Excellencies! what reviving Comforts! what advancing Principles are darted forth from the Face of Beauty into their Spirits! And as for the triumphant Saints, in whoſe Horiſon Jeſus Chriſt is in the eternal Meridian of his Glory; Oh what full Beams of Bliſs and Conſolation, without the

the leaſt ſhadow of Bitterneſs and Diſcontent, warms and delights their bleſſed Souls to all Eternity! Lord, lift up the Light of thy Countenance in my Horiſon, ſo ſhall Time be the Morning, and Eternity the Noon of Glory in my Soul.

The Worldlings mean Choice.

37. THE World hath many Servants, becauſe it gives preſent Wages; where Chriſt hath but a few Diſciples, becauſe their Reward is in another Life: Moſt live by ſight, and therefore muſt have to ſatisfie ſenſe; they had rather with *Iſhmael* be ſent away with a ſmall Gift, than with *Iſaac* to wait for the Inheritance; they had rather take their Portion in this Life, than to wait for an Inheritance reſerved in the Heavens: Their unworthy Spirits cry with *Eſau*,

Esau, What Profit will this Birthright do us? We must have Pleasure, and we must have Riches; and therefore with *Lysimachus*, they will sell their Kingdoms, and themselves for a Draught of Water. There are but few such elevated Spirits as the Disciples had, that can leave a Possession, to live upon a Promise; there are but few have such heroick Spirits as *Moses* had, that can despise the Treasures of this present World, out of respect unto the Recompence of a future Reward: But there are many of such sordid Spirits as *Dives* had, that would enjoy their good things here; but for my part, Lord! give not me my Portion in this Life, I had rather live by Faith.

The Rebellious Sinner.

38. WHat Rebel under Proclamation of Mercy ſtands out, when he knows he ſhall be fetched in by the Hand of Juſtice? Yet how many refractory Sinners (with thoſe invited Gueſts in the Goſpel) deride the Meſſengers of Peace, untill they are ſlain by the Men of War. Indeed, haſt thou Counſel, Wiſdom and Strength for the Battle; could thy Heart endure, or thy Hands be ſtrong in the Day that God ſhall deal with thee, this were much, or could the Gods whom thou ſerveſt deliver thee out of the Hands of Chriſt, this were more: But alas! thou muſt one Day be brought under his Regal Power, either in Favour or Fury; either in the Praiſe of his Glory, or to the Magnifying of his

his Juſtice; if thou hate his Throne, thou ſhalt be made his Footſtool; if thou wilt not have him to be thy Head, thou ſhalt be trod under his Feet; if he be not thy Jeſus, he will be thy Judge; in a word, if thou wilt not touch the golden Scepter of his Mercy, thou ſhalt be cruſhed with the Rod of his Juſtice: And remember this, that this Life is only the time of diſplaying the Flag of Mercy, and the burning of the Taper of Peace; if once the white Flag be folded up, and the burning Taper burnt out, then look for nothing but the ſad Flouriſhes of the black Flag. As for thoſe mine Enemies, that would not that I ſhould reign over them, bring them hither and ſlay them before me: Therefore now ſit down, and ſee thy Weakneſs, and while the King is yet a great way off, ſend out the Ambaſſadours of thy Prayers and

Tears, and acquaint thy self now with God, and be at peace. For my part, I had rather, come in a Favourite, than be brought in a Traytor.

The Benefit of Repentance.

39. SIN and Sorrow are two inseparable Companions, thou canst not let in one, and shut out the other: if thy Moment be spent in Mirth, thy Eternity shall be spent in Mourning; if thou wilt not weep, whilst thou mayest have Mercy to pardon thee, thou shalt lament hereafter, and yet have no Eye to pity thee. A Bottle of Tears may now quench the Fire of Sin, but a Cloud of Tears shall never quench the Flames of Hell, therefore, while the Wicked go on laughing, I desire to go on mourning. The Valley of *Bochim* will at length set me upon the

the Hill of *Sion*; but the Paths of Rejoycing will at length bring into a Hell of weeping: for this is a Truth, that he that ſwims in ſin, ſhall ſink in Sorrow; their Laughter ſhall be turned into Heavineſs, while my Tears ſhall be wiped away: I will therefore ever weep, that I may not weep for ever.

As we live, ſo we dye.

40 THat way the Tree inclineth while it groweth, that way it pitcheth when it falleth, and there it lies, whether it be toward the *North* or *South*. As we are in Life for the moſt part we are in Death; ſo we lie down to eternity, whether it be towards Heaven or Hell. Being once fallen, there is no removing; for as in War, an Error is Death; ſo in Death, an Error is Damnation; therefore live as thou

intendeſt to dye, and dye as thou intendeſt to live. O Lord! let the bent of my Soul be always towards thee, that ſo I may fall to thee, and ever reſt with thee.

The miſerable End of proſperous Wickedneſs.

41. *Jordan*, that famous River, no doubt runs through many a pleaſant Meadow, by many a ſhady Grove, and flowry Bank, and yet at laſt is forced to empty it ſelf into a dead Sea, and not only ſo, but thoſe freſh Cryſtal Streams, that made thoſe famous Brooks loſe both Name and Worth, are turned into the dead Sea themſelves. Juſt ſo it is with a wicked Man, here he walks through the Meadows of worldly Pleaſures and Reſt, under the Shades of earthly Comforts and Sports, and wallows himſelf amongſt the flowers of

of worldly Delights, but at last runs himself out into a dead Lake, and is cast into Hell among the Number of those that forget God; and not only so, but his very Heaven it self, that made up all his Happiness, is turned into Hell, his Beauty is turned into Horror, his Honour into Shame, his Lusts into Devils, his Pleasure into Bitterness, his Scars let into Flames of Fire and Brimstone, so that that which was his fresh Stream here, is his salt Sea there, Lord! Let me be a pure Stream, that may end in Heaven. I care not what stony Veins I run through here on Earth, so I may but there lose the Name of Weakness and Corruption, for Glory and Perfection.

The Worldlings Folly.

42 WHat's a Day to an Age? and what's an Age to Eternity? And yet we know the shortest Day is part of the longest Time, but the longest Time is no part of Eternity; for where Time ends, there Eternity begins. Why are we then so foolish to heap up Goods for Mortality to lay up Riches, which at longest are but for many Years, perhaps not for many Hours; and yet to provide nothing for Eternity? And why are we so careful to humour and uphold a mouldering piece of Clay, a frail and mortal Body, which cannot stand above an Age, perhaps not above a Day, and yet neglect our precious Souls, that must endure for ever? Do we all aim at prosperous Life? why then let

us

us labour for a glorious Eternity.

No Happineſs without Holineſs.

43. ALL Men would have Happineſs for their End, but few would have Holineſs for their Way: All Men would have the Kingdom of Heaven, and the Glory thereof, but few ſeek the Kingdom of Heaven, and the Righteouſneſs thereof. As that Noble Man being asked, What he thought of the Courſe of preciſe Puritans (as the World terms them) or of the Life of licentious Libertines? Anſwered, *Cum iſtis mallem vivere, cum illis mori mallem:* I had rather live with thoſe, and dye with them. So moſt Men had rather live with *Balaam*, but dye with *Iſrael*. They would willingly have the Libertines Eaſe, but the Godly Mans End. But this is certain, no Soul ſhall go to

God in Death; but only that which draws near to God in Life. If the Kingdom of God be not first in us, we shall never enter into the Kingdom of God; no Soul shall rest in Heaven hereafter, but those that walk in Heaven here, no Soul shall enter into the Gates of Felicity, but only that which treads the narrow Paths of Piety. Lord! make me holy, as well as happy, that I may love as well to glorifie thee, as to be glorified of thee.

The Delay of Repentance dangerous.

44. THere be many to morrow-Christians, that set their Day with God, at such a Day they will repent, and not before, as if they had the Lordship of Time, and the Monopoly of Grace; whereas Time and Grace are only at Gods Disposing.

Diſpoſing. As St. *Ambroſe* ſaith, *Pœnitenti indulgentiam, ſed dilaturo diem craſtinum non promiſit:* God hath promiſed Pardon to the Penitent, but he hath not promiſed to morrow to the Negligent. As St. *Auguſtine* ſaith, *Qui dat pœnitenti veniam, non ſemper dabit peccanti pœnitentiam:* He that gives Pardon to the Penitent, doth not always give Repentance to the Sinner. If I put God off to day, he may put off me to morrow; if I put off this Hour of Grace, I may never have another gracious Hour, to day, If I put by his Hands of Mercy, to morrow he may ſtretch out his Hand of Juſtice. It is true, whilſt I have Time, I may come in; but it is alſo true, when I would come in, I may not have Time. This is certain, when I repent, I ſhall have Mercy; but this is as certain, when I would have Mercy, I may not find Re-

pentance. O Lord, thou haſt given me this Hour of Grace to repent in? Give me Grace in this Hour to repent with.

The Vanities of Humane Life.

45 GOOD Lord! what a Shadow is the Life of Man? What a nothing is it? That Time paſt, that's nothing, juſt like a Bird fled from the Hand of the Owner out of Sight. The Time preſent, that's vaniſhing, a running Hour, nay, leſs, a flying Minute, as good as nothing. The Time to come, that's uncertain, the Evening Sun may ſee us dead. Lord! Therefore in this Hour make me ſure of thee for in the next I am not ſure of my ſelf.

The Life of Faith.

46. *Alexander*, when he had divided his Wealth among his Friends, and being ask'd, what he had reserved for himself? Answered Hope. He is a rare Christian indeed, that can part with all for Christ, and lives by Faith; but when it comes to this, that we must lose what we have here, out of hope to find it again in Heaven, the running Professor stops, and goes back sorrowful. *Crates* in his way to Philosophy, threw his Goods into the Sea to save himself, saying, *Ego vos mergam, ne ipse mergar à vobis*: I had rather drown you, than that you should drown me: For he thought Riches and Vertue were incompatible. But how many Christians are there, that in their way to Jesus Christ, throw away themselves and their Souls, to save

ſave their Gold? before they will caſt their Bread upon the Water, they will throw themſelves into the Ocean; many that make ſuch ſpecious ſhews of following of Chriſt, in this ſame turning you may know their Maſter; but this is a Truth, he hath no part at all in Chriſt, that will not part with all for Chriſt; and he lives but the Life of Senſe, that cannot make a Living out of a Promiſe. Therefore, Lord, of what I have, freely take thou what thou calleſt for: Chriſt is my Portion and Reward, I have enough to live on.

A Chriſtians Treaſure.

47. WHen I look into the Treaſures of Men, perhaps I ſee Cheſts of Plate, Bags of Gold, Cabinets of Jewels, but this is the Miſery of it, that when he goes abroad

broad, he cannot carry them without Burthen or leave them without a Fear. But here now is the Excellency of a Child of God, that his Treasure is always in him, and it is his happiness to carry it always with him, that as it is transcended for Riches, being the Fulness of God, so it is likewise permanent for Continuance, because he is filled with that Fullness, insomuch that you may sooner rend his Soul from his Body than take his Treasure from his Soul. This was that which sweetned the Loss of Countrey, House and Friends to *Ovid* in his Exile, the Thoughts of his *Genius*, the Riches of his ingenious Spirit was beyond the Riches of *Cæsar*'s Malice; and this is that which refresheth the Spirit of a Christian in all Troubles and Afflictions that he meets with in the Land of Banishment, he hath the Possession of Jesus Christ, whom he

can

can never lose: O the Excellency of a Child of God! Though you cast him out of all, yet you cannot cast any thing of this all out of him. But as *Bias*, that princely Philosopher, said, when he lost his City, and was put to flight, being asked by those that fled with him, with their Bag and Baggage; why he likewise took not something with him? answered; *Omnia mea mecum porto*, I carry all my Riches with me; meaning his Wisdom and Virtues. So a Christian; though you impoverish him, banish him, and cast him out of all, yet he is able to say still, *Omnia mea mecum porto*, I carry all my Treasure with me; I have my Christ, my Fulness. And truly, Lord, so thou wilt possess me with this All, I care not, though I am dispossessed of all.

The Day of Grace.

48. LEgal Days are but like Winter Days, dark and cloudy, ſharp and ſtormy; and yet how many of our Fathers travelled to Heaven in thoſe Days! But Goſpel-times, they are like Summer-Days, ſweet and clear, full of Light and Beauty, ſo that we may truly ſay, that God hath not been as a Cloud of Darkneſs to us, for theſe are the Days of Grace, that are full of the Beams of Mercy; yet how ſlowly and ſadly do many of us go to Heaven? But which is worſe, how ſadly and ſlightly do we waſte theſe precious Days, and neglect theſe golden Opportunities? Oh, what time ſhall that Soul find to repent in, that ſhall be hardned in theſe melting Times! Oh, what Days ſhall that Soul find to go to

Heaven

Heaven in, that ſhall idle away theſe Goſpel-days? Oh what Grace ſhall that Man find for Sin, that ſhall ſin away the Day of Grace! Oh, to whom ſhall that Soul appeal, that ſhall renounce Jeſus Chriſt! Oh, woe unto that Soul for ever, upon which the Shadows of Death, and of the Evening are ſtretched out, and yet never ſet forth for Heaven! But wofuller is that Man, to whom the clearer and ſweeter Day, doth only make the blacker and the ſadder Hell. Oh, what Blackneſs of Darkneſs is reſerved for that Soul, that ſhall walk in Darkneſs in the midſt, and under ſuch clearneſs of Light! We are thoſe that are not only lifted up to Heaven, but Heaven is let down to us. Oh, how long ſhall that Man lye in Hell that Heaven preſſeth down! Oh, thou Goſpel Chriſtian! thou art now under the clear Demonſtrations

of

of Chriſt, the ſweet Invitations of Mercy, the large Manifeſtations of Love; look to it, thou ſhalt go either to Heaven or to Hell, upon the eaſieſt or hardeſt Terms.

A ſix fold Voice of Warning.

49. METhinks I hear ſix Voices cry aloud: The firſt Voice is of dying Man. The ſecond is the Voice of the Damned. The third is the Voice of my precious Soul. The fourth is the Voice of Jeſus Chriſt. The fifth is the Voice of evil Times The ſixth is the Voice of the Day of Judgment. Firſt, Methinks I hear dying Man breathing out theſe Groans: Oh, loſe not a Moment of Time, for thy Time is but a Moment! Oh now make ſure of Heaven, for thou knoweſt not how ſoon thou muſt leave the Earth!

Earth! And then methinks I hear the damned Man roaring forth these Lamentations: Oh, come and see the end of Sin, in these that know no end of Sorrow! Oh, come and learn thy Price of Time, from those that must for ever suffer for the Loss of Time! And then methinks I hear my precious Soul using these Expostulations: Oh, my Body! What a Fool am I to satisfie thy Lusts, thou art but for a Moment of Time, but I must endure for ever; when thou art wrapt up in Rottenness, where shall I spend my Eternity? I might now get Heaven for my Mansion, Angels for my Companions, God for my Possession, and dost thou think I will lose my Felicity to satisfie thy Dainty? Is it not better, that I should carry thee to Heaven, than that thou shouldest carry me with thee to Hell? And then methinks

I hear Jesus Christ using these Invitations: Behold I stand at the Door and knock, till my Head is filled with Dew, and my Locks with the Dew of the Night: here I stand weeping, knocking, begging, and waiting; Oh, open to me! My Tears beg, my Tears knock, my Blood knocks, my Groans knock, oh, open to me! my Patience knocks and waits, oh, open to me! Let not Sin lodge in thy Heart, and Christ waits at the Door; let not Damnation rule within, and Salvation wait without. And then methinks, Evil Times use their Invitations; Oh, now be living Christians, for these are dying Days! Oh, now be groaning Christians, for these are backsliding Times! Oh, now make Jesus Christ thine own, for here thou knowest not what is thine own! And then lastly, methinks I hear the Voice of the

Archangel,

Archangel, ſummoning the Dead to come forth to Judgment, Ariſe ye holy and bleſſed Saints, take your places with God and his holy Angels, to judge the World: Ariſe ye curſed naked Souls, and take your Standing in the Sight of God, and of his bleſſed Saints, to be judged as you lived in the World. Oh Lord, let me hear with Fear the firſt Voices, that I may not fear to hear the laſt Voices!

The Devout Souls Choice or Portion.

50. IN every Choice, we cannot take, except we leave: That Soul that chooſeth Life and Grace, refuſeth all things elſe. This is the heavenly Breathing of ſuch a gracious Spirit: Lord! Let vain Men follow vain Faſhions, but cloath me with Salvation, and cover me with

with the Robes of Righteouſneſs; let them be all Glorious without; but let me be all Glorious within; let them crown themſelves with Roſe-buds, but crown me as thou doſt thy Church, with the Stars of Heaven, theſe ſhall ſhine, when thoſe ſhall fade. Let the Wicked go away with the World; let them have all the Sweetneſs, Beauties, Glories, and Excellencies of the Earth; but let Jeſus Chriſt be my Portion, there all things elſe are nothing at all, where Chriſt is all in all: Therefore be ſerious, Oh my Soul, for thou haſt none of Chriſt, until thou canſt truly ſay, *None but Chriſt.*

A three fold awakening Conſideration.

51. THREE things (methinks) ſhould make the Heart of

a Christian to tremble. First, to consider the Brevity of their Life. Secondly, the Difficulty of their Work. Thirdly, the Eternity of their End. Our Life is but a withering Flower, a flying Cloud, a vanishing Shadow, a perishing Breath, the Body returneth to the Dust, and the Soul goeth suddenly to its long Home, the Night instantly cometh when no Man can work: But now, What work is to be done in this short Inch of Time? Great Enemies to be conquered, Sons of *Anak* to be killed, Principalities and Powers to be overpowered, Dear Lusts to be subdued, right Eyes to be plucked out, right Hands to be cut off, strict Rules to be followed, a narrow Way and strait Gate to go through; to sum it up, a long Race to run with a short Breath, a great way to be gone by a setting Sun: But then, what

are

are we to expect when this Taper is out, this Breath is expired? Even as we have ſowed, ſo to reap? either to be eternally crowned, or eternally damned: Now therefore before the Sun be ſet, or the Shadow of the Evening be ſtretched out, whatſoever thy Hand findeth to do do it with all thy Might: for there is no Work, nor Device, nor Knowledge, nor Wiſdom in the Grave whether thou goeſt. Oh Lord, help me ſo to work for thee, in this Moment of time, that I may for ever reſt with thee, when Time ſhall be no more.

The Loveliness of Chriſt.

52. YOU have heard of the bloody Siege of *Troy*, and yet it was ſaid of *Hellen*, that ſhe was ſo beautiful, that ſhe deſerved ten Years War more, and what was

Hellen,

Hellen, but a glorious Heap of Clay? You have heard of the hard Labours of *Jacob*, yet *Rachel* was ſo amiable in his Eyes, that he thought her worthy of fourteen Years Service: If theſe deſerved ſo much, oh! what doth Jeſus Chriſt deſerve? who is altogether lovely, before whoſe ſhining Glory, the Beauty of the whole Creation is but an indigeſted Chaos. Therefore be not diſcouraged, O my Soul, though thine Enemies be fierce, thy Aſſaults cruel, thy Reſiſtance even unto Blood; thou fighteſt for a beautiful Chriſt, that deſerves it: Neither be diſheartned, Oh my Soul! though Rulers be ſtrict, Duties hard, thy Labours great, thou ſerveſt for an amiable Chriſt, that will ſufficiently reward it. Look but upon the lovely Beauties of thy Chriſt, think but upon the Glorious day of thine Eſpouſal,

and

and these fourteen Years will be nothing to thee; Lord, let me always have thy Beauty in mine Eye, so shall I quickly find no difficulty in my Hand.

The pleasure of a Religious Life.

53. I Have formerly (with the World) accounted the spirit of a Christian, to be a melancholly Spirit; and the ways of Holiness only unpleasant Paths, leading to the Desarts of sad Retiredness. But now I see they have hidden Manna which the World knows not of; glorious Joys, which Strangers do not meddle with, and the closer and exacter they walk, the fuller and sweeter are their Joys; Formerly the very Thoughts of parting with my Pleasures and Delights to embrace soul-humbling, self-denying Duties, were grievous to me: But

now, I bleſs my God, I can ſay with *Auguſtine*, *Quam ſuave ſuavitatibus iſtis carere!* Oh how ſweet is it to want my former Sweetneſs! It is now myRejoycing to be without my former joys, for now I ſee there is a Heaven in the way to Heaven, and that one Look of Faiths, one Smile of Chriſts, one Glance of Heaven, one Grape of *Canaan*, one Glimps of my Crown of Glory, yields more Sweetneſs, Comfort and Content, than all the Pleaſures and Delights the World affords; the very Gleaning of Spiritual Joy, is better than the Vintage of Carnal Delights: Let no Man then ſtand off for want of Pleaſures, for here he ſhall not loſe them, only change them.

No

No Satisfaction in the Creature.

54. *Solomon* tryed many Concluſions, but not one took but the laſt, the Fear of God. Oh my Soul, thou mayeſt tire thy ſelf with Varieties of Objects, but none ſatisfies but this, the Fruition of thy God: he only is the plenary and primary Goodneſs, he only is the efficient and ſufficient Fulneſs: As it was ſaid of Manna, that it was the Delight of every Palate: ſo it may be ſaid of Jeſus Chriſt, that he is ſatisfaction to every Soul; Taſte therefore, and ſee how ſweet the Lord is. What's the Reaſon we wander after ſuch Variety of Creatures? Becauſe we cannot find ſufficiency in one, were one Herb as vertual, or one Flower as delectable, as the Collection, we would never trouble our ſelves to gather many. Take up

then thy Reſt, Oh my Soul, in the chiefeſt and choiceſt Good, which comprehends all other Goods. Thoſe golden Rays of Goodneſs, which lye ſcattered in the Creature, are only to be found conjunctively in God: Theſe pure Ingredients, which go in to make up the higheſt Excellency, largeſt Goodneſs, fulleſt Perfection, are only to be found collectively in him. Knoweſt thou any thing is profitable, delectable, or deſirable in the Creature? Thou mayeſt ſee it in thy God, find it in thy Chriſt. Art thou captivated? He is thy Redeemer. Art thou wounded? He is thy good *Samaritan:* Art thou broken hearted? Go unto Chriſt, and he will bind it up: Art thou ſick? He is thy Phyſician: Art thou perſecuted? He is thy Refuge: Art thou hungry or thirſty? He is the living Bread, and the flowing Stream: Art thou weary? He is thy Reſt:

Reſt: Art thou in Want or Poverty? He is an inexhauſtible Treaſury: Art thou in Diſgrace or Contempt? Why, he is thy Honour: Art thou dull and Heavy? He is a quickning Spirit: Would'ſt thou have Grace? He is the Fountain: Wouldſt thou have Heaven? He is the Way, he ſhall guide thee by his Counſel, and after receive thee in Glory. Let that Mans Name therefore be written in the Duſt, that leaves the flowing Fountain, to quench his Thirſt at a broken Ciſtern. Why ſhould I tire my ſelf to gather Drops of Honey from ſo many dying Flowers, when I can ſatisfie my ſelf with Streams of Sweetneſs in the Living Chriſt? Therefore Creatures, in this you and I muſt part, for Chriſt outbids you all.

The Knowledge of Christ.

55. A Christian may raise another Paradise here below, may make a lower Heaven on Earth: For this is Life eternal, to know thee, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent. To know Christ in the Evidence of his Love revealed to us, and Christ revealed in us, is the very Entrance of Heaven; for what is the Perfection of Grace, but the Fulness of his Knowledge? And what is the Consummation of Glory, but the Blessedness of this Fulness? Therefore Lord, be every Day adding to my Knowledge, that so at my last Day I may be perfect.

Divine Love.

56. GOdly Sorrow, like weeping *Mary*, ſeeks Chriſt; ſaving Faith, like wreſtling *Jacob*, finds and holds Chriſt; heavenly Love, like the affectionate Spouſe, dwells with Chriſt: here it brings him in to the Chambers of the Queen, and hereafter brings the loving Soul into the Chamber of the King, ſo that it is an eternal Grace, always lodging in the Boſom of Chriſt. Lord, thou art the Deſire of my Soul, Oh that I could ſeek thee, find and love thee, that I may for ever enjoy thee.

Godly Sorrow.

57. THE Stream of Sorrow, like Waters, aſcends no higher than the Spring from whence it came. We know that ſin gives two bloody

ſtabs, the firſt is at the Soul of Man, the ſecond is at the Heart of Chriſt: And if the firſt ſtab only grieve me, if I mourn for ſin, as it only wounded my Soul, it is a ſign this ſtream flows but from a natural Heart, becauſe it aſcends up to a natural heighth; but if I weep for ſin, as it hath wounded Chriſt, as it hath ſhed that Blood that would ſave me, as it hath pierced that Heart that would love me, then no queſtion but the Spring is in Heaven, becauſe it riſeth to ſuper natural Aſcent: Lord, that my ſorrow may be ſound, pierce my Heart for ſin, as it ſtrikes through my ſoul, and pierces Chriſt!

Chriſt to be preferred above all.

58. MY Life is ſweet, but my Chriſt muſt be ſweeter to me than my Life; my Soul is precious, but Chriſt muſt be dearer

to

to me than my Soul; my Salvation is much, but Christ must be more to me than my Salvation; Christ must be loved above all: Nay, were there no Arms of Mercy to receive me, no Heaven of Bliss to entertain me, no Weight of Glory to crown me, yet Christ must be loved above, and without all these. As it is a sign of a carnal Love, to follow Christ for the Loaves; so it is a sign of a base mercenary Love, to seek Christ for a Reward; that's but an adulterate Affection, that affects the Present more than the Party, loves the Ring more than her Beloved; that Choice cannot be cordial, that aims only at a Portion; that Love cannot be real, that aims only at a Benefit. Lord, thou art amiable in thy self; Oh that I could love thee for thy self.

The Right Performance of Duty.

59. I Muſt not venture on a Duty, unleſs I bring God to it; nor reſt ſatisfied, unleſs I carry God from it: Hear *David*'s Precept, Oh, ſeek the Lord, and his ſtrength, ſeek his Face for evermore. Be ſure thou riſe not from Duty, before the Countenance of God riſe in Mercy upon thy ſoul; it muſt be Chriſt that muſt fit thee, and it muſt be Chriſt that muſt meet thee, or elſe it will be no Ordinance of Comfort to thee: What is the Chariot, if thy Beloved be not in it! Then hear St. *Bernard*'s Practice, Lord! I never come to thee without thee, I never go from thee, but with thee; Oh, bleſſed be that Soul, that never prays, hears, or receives, but carries Chriſt to all, enjoys Chriſt in all, and

and brings Chriſt from all. Lord! in all my Approaches to thee, let me go out in thy ſtrength, and return in thy Preſence.

The In-dwelling of Sin.

60. OH my ſoul! Thou art always ſtriving, yet ſin always ſtirring; thou feareſt the Truth of Grace, becauſe thou findeſt the working of ſin; but it will be always thus: Thou canſt not come out of *Ægypt*, but *Amalek* will lay wait in the way; the Fleſh will be ſure to trouble thee, although it be never able to conquer thee. He therefore that ſits down and is at reſt in ſin, it is a ſign that Satan is there the ſtrong Man, becauſe his Kingdom is in Peace: But where there is any Work with Chriſt, there will be always War with

with ſin: I know that while I live, ſin will have its being in my mortal Body; the Ivy will ſtill be twiſting about the Houſe, there is no deſtroying of it, until the Wall fall: ſin was the Womb of Death, and only Death muſt be the Tomb of ſin; God would have my ſoul humbled, therefore though he hath broke my Priſon, yet he hath left the Chain upon my Feet: God would have my Graces exerciſed, therefore, though he hath tranſlated me into the Kingdom of Life, yet he hath left the *Canaanite* in the Land: God would have my Faith exerciſed, therefore *Goliah* ſtill ſhews himſelf in the Field, that ſo I might make out to the Name of the Lord: I will therefore unbuckle *Saul's* Armour, humble mine own Abilities, and betake me to the ſtrength of Chriſt; ſo, though I cannot help

the rebelling Power of Sin, yet I ſhall always hinder the ruling Power of ſin: As it ſhall be my Grief, becauſe ſin will have its Being, ſo it ſhall be my Care, that it may never have its Thriving; though ſin may live in me, yet I will never live in ſin.

Satan's Temptations.

61. I Muſt not pray ſimply againſt Temptations, though I may againſt the Evil of Temptation, for a Chriſtian may be tempted, and yet not overcome; a Caſtle may be aſſaulted, and yet not taken: If Satan inject an evil Motion, and I reject it, this is not mine, but the Devils ſin; this ſhall be a ſhining Jewel in my Crown of Victory, and as an aggravating *Item* in his Day of Judgment. Why art thou ſo terrified at the roaring of a Lion,

as

as if he could not rage, but he muſt devour; or as if Grace and Temptation would not ſtand together? As if the ſame Afflictions were not accompliſhed upon thy Brethren. This is an undoubted Truth, that ſpiritual Wickedneſs is to be found in the heavenlieſt Places; and this is an excellent ſign, that Satan takes thee for one that will tread upon his Head, when he is ſo violent to bruiſe thy Heel: And this is a comfortable Aſſurance, that if Jeſus Chriſt be thy Captain to lead thee in, he will be thy Champion to bring thee out. So that Temptation ſhall be as a File to beautifie thy Soul, and as a Sword to wound thine Adverſary. For my part, I know Satan will be always tempting, therefore I will be always watching, and what I cannot hinder, that I will be ſure to hate: So ſhall it be my Joy to fall into Temptation,

and

and the Devil's Misery to fall into his own Pit.

A Christian's Support under Affliction.

62. IT was proudly said by *Cæsar* crossing (unknown) the Sea, being in a little Berque, in a tempestuous Storm, when they were ready to be swallowed up by the Waves, perceiving the Courage of the Pilot to fail, *Confide, scias te Cæsarem vehere*, Fear not, for thou carriest *Cæsar*. How truly may a gracious Spirit say in the midst of all Desertions, Afflictions and Tribulations, Fear nothing, O my Soul, thou carryest Jesus Christ. What though the Windows of Heaven be open for a Storm, or the Fountains of the Deep broke up for a Flood, Desertions from above, Afflictions from below, yet

God that ſits in Heaven will not caſt away his Son, Chriſt that lives in me will not let me ſink; the ſwelling Waves, I know, are but to ſet me nearer Heaven, and the ſwelling Deeps are but to make me awake my Maſter; prize thy Chriſt, they ſhall not drown thee, therefore cannot daunt thee: For while I ſail with Chriſt, I am ſure to land with Chriſt.

The Decreaſe of Grace.

63. IF Satan cannot hinder the Birth of Graces, then he labours to be the Death of Graces; this is too ordinary, to ſee a Chriſtian loſe his firſt Love, and to fall from his firſt Works; this Love that was formerly an aſcending Flame, always ſparkling up to Heaven, is now like a little ſpark, almoſt ſuffocated with the Earth: The Godly

ly Sorrow, that was once a ſwelling Torrent, like *Jordan*, overflowing his Banks, is now like *Job's* Summer-brook, which makes the Traveller aſhamed; his Proceedings againſt ſin once furious, like the March of *Jehu* againſt *Ahab*; but now like *Sampſon*, he can ſleep in *Dalilahs* Lap, whilſt ſhe ſteals away his Strength; before he could not give Reſt to his Eyes, till God had given Reſt to his Soul, but now he can lye down with Sin in his Boſom, and Wounds in his Conſcience: At firſt his Zeal did eat him up, but now his Decayings have eat up his Zeal. How is thy Excellency, O Chriſtian! departed from thee? How is thy Crown fallen from thy Head? What a dangerous Breach haſt thou made for the Entrance in of ſin and ſorrow? Temptations find thee wracked, and leave thee wounded; thy Graces

Graces that were once like the Worthies of *David*, that could break through an Hoſt of Enemies, and draw Water at the Wells of Salvation, are now like the Souldiers that follow *Saul*, they are with thee trembling; thou haſt potent Enemies, but impotent Graces; often aſſaulted, but eaſily conquered, and as thy glorious Sun is ſetting, ſo are diſmal Clouds ariſing: Thou, O Chriſtian! art decreaſing in thy Graces, and God is declining in his Favours: Thou draweſt off Communion with the Saints, and God draws off Communion from thy Soul; Thou offereſt up thy Sacrifices without the Fire of Zeal, and he anſwers thy Coldneſs with the Fire of Wrath. In a Word, thy Spirit hath no Delight in God, and Gods Soul hath no Delight in thee. And as there is bad News from Heaven, ſo there

is

is ſad News from Conſcience. What Tremblings of Heart! what aſtoniſhment of Soul! what Diſputes againſt Mercy! what queſtionings of Salvation will thy wounded Conſcience and bleeding Spirit raiſe! what Flaſhes of Lightning! what Claps of Thunder will break out upon my Soul, when the hot Pangs of Death ſhall be wrapt up in the cold and chill Scruples of Salvation! As I will therefore draw out my Soul to praiſe God, for Grace implanted, ſo alſo will I put out my ſtrength to ſerve God by Grace improved, that as every hour ſets me nearer my Grace, ſo every Action may ſet me nearer my Haven.

The Danger of Hypocriſie.

64. AN Hypocrite is the Devil's Servant in Gods Livery, and therefore out of Favour both in Heaven and Earth; for Man ſeeth his Livery, and therefore hateth him; and God ſees his Heart, and therefore will not own him: Men ſee his outward Sanctity, and therefore deride him; and God ſees his inward Hypocriſie, and therefore abhors him: ſo that he travels in the Wilderneſs, and yet ſhall never reſt in *Canaan*; when he comes to caſt up the Sum of all his Labours, this he ſhall find to be the Sum of them, inſtead of that bleſſed Sentence of Approbation, *well done good and faithful Servant*, he ſhall have that direful Sentence of Deteſtation, *Who hath required this at your Hands?* He that ſo cunningly deceived

ceived others, doth at last as foolishly beguile himself; in a word, he is a Man that steals his Damnation, and sweats to get to Hell; so that the openly Prophane, and cunningly Hypocritical, meet both there at last, only with this Difference, the way, the one goeth through the Gate, and the other stealeth through the Postern. Lord! Therefore whiles the Hypocrite cloaths himself with Formality, cloath me with Sincerity. It may be Men will hate me, but I care not so God love me; my Duties may be full of Imperfection; but yet they shall never want a gracious Acceptance, my way may be in Trouble, yet my Rest shall be in Glory.

The

The Danger of Security.

65. AS great ſerenity of Weather is a Preſage of an Earth-quake and Whirl-wind, ſo great ſecurity of Life is a great and ſore Prediction of the Souls Earthquake, of Trembling and Aſtoniſhment of Spirit: He that takes up Formality, and ſits down in Security: He that lays his Foundation in the Sand, and there raiſes his Building, the Fall of that Houſe will be great, and you may obſerve, that Chriſtian that is only brought out of open Prophaneneſs, into outward Profeſſion, that hath taken down the Frame of his groſs Iniquity, to ſet up a ſuperficial Form of Piety; that hath covered his Face with a ſurface of Religion, no Soul ſo ſubject to fall into the ſleep of Death, as ſuch a Soul: For while he

he thinks himself well, he seeks not to be better, so that he slumbers away his time until the Cry at Midnight, and then he startles, and awakes, and sees nothing but the Bridge of Mercy drawn up, and the Gates of Heaven shut in. See with what Confidence these Formalists in the Gospel come unto Christ; they come under the Relation of Servants, and therefore they call upon him as their Master: *Lord, Lord, Have we not prophesied in thy Name, and in thy Name cast out Devils?* &c. They made no question of Salvation, but show their Works, as if they would command it for their Wages. But hear Christs Answer, *Then will I profess unto them I never knew you:* What, Lord, never knew us, that is strange? Have not we heard thy Word, received thy Sacraments, and relieved thy Members,

bers, and ſpake for Thee, and prayed to Thee, and done many things in thy Name, and yet didſt thou never know us? No, ſays Chriſt, I never knew you, but with an utter and abſolute Rejection: I never knew you, I never did approve you in all your ſpecious ways, and glorious ſhews, wherein you did ſo pride your ſelves; becauſe all was in Formality, and nothing in Sincerity, therefore depart from me. They little thought of ſuch a ſad Expulſion, ſuch a direful Separation. And thus the outſide Chriſtian, becauſe he hath reformed in many things, and doth conform to many Duties, therefore with *Agag*, he concludes the bitterneſs of Death is paſt, ſo he cloaths himſelf with ſmooth Imaginations, and deceitful Apprehenſions, till he is hewen aſunder before the Lord. I will not therefore in the

leaſt

leaſt Duty be formal, or in the leaſt Duty be ſecure; but with the bleſſed Man be always fearing; for I had rather tremble here, than ſtartle in Hell.

The Evil of Sin.

66. DOTH Sin preſent it ſelf, look upon it, as it muſt be with Tears, or ſhall be in Torments; if thou committeſt the leaſt ſin, and dieſt impenitent, thy Soul is loſt, and thy Redemption ceaſeth for ever: Or, if thou committeſt this Sin, and doſt repent; yet what Cloudings of the Face of God? What breaking of the Bones with *David*? What bitter Pangs? What painful Throws? What Shadows of Death? What Terrours of Hell may ſeize upon thee, before thou canſt make thy Peace, or ſettle thine Aſſurance? Wilt thou

give way to ſin, becauſe it is delectable? or becauſe it is pardonable? Who loves Poyſon becauſe it is ſweet? Or, who drinks Poyſon, becauſe he may have an Antidote, ſeeing it will work to his Trouble, if it work not out his Life? I have a precious Soul, ſhall I loſe it for a Luſt? I have a gracious God, ſhall I venture him for a ſin? No, I will always reject that, for which I am ſure to loſe my Peace, likely to loſe my Soul.

The Heavenly Traveller.

67. WHat Heir travelling to take poſſeſſion of a rich Inheritance, either lets a green Meadow, or a pleaſant Garden detain him, or a black Cloud, or a foul Way diſhearten him? O my Soul! Thou art travelling to take Poſſeſſion of a glorious Inheritance

tance among the Saints, wilt thou turn aside to crop every Flower? Wilt thou stand still to hear every melodious Sound? Wilt thou leave thy way to drink of every gliding Stream of carnal Pleasure? What is this, but to view a Meadow, and lose a Mannor? For a dying Flower, to part with an eternal Crown? For a flying Vanity, to lose an immortal Felicity? To forsake the Way of *Sion*, to gather one of the Apples of *Sodom*? Or else, Oh my Soul! What if thy way be in Tears, and thy Days in Sorrow, all clouded, and a swelling Sea, so that not only the Lading of the Ship, but thy very Life is in Danger, yet there is enough to comfort thee, that a good Father, and a large Portion, a sweet Rest, and an everlasting Refreshment, will make amends for all. Therefore, vain World, promise not, for I

will make no Deviation, becauſe my way lies to purer Comforts, and ſurer Glory: Vexing World, threaten not, for I will make no Retarding, becauſe I am traveling to my Fathers, to my Countrey, to my Happineſs.

Content the beſt Riches.

68. AS the Heart is, ſo is the Eſtate? Riches are but Cyphers, it is the Mind that makes the Sum. What am I the nearer for a great Eſtate, if I am not contented with it? Deſires of having will quickly eat up all the Comforts and Delights in Poſſeſſing. Therefore that *Alexander* that wants Content, is worſe than *Diogenes*, that is contented with his Wants. It argued a rich Mind in *Socrates*, the Moral Philoſopher, when walking through a Market, and beholding

ing

ing Varieties of good Commodities, yet could ſay, *Quam multis rebus ego non egeo?* How many Things do I not want? But a richer Mind in the Diſciples, that with a ſweet Complacency of Spirit, could acknowledge, that as having nothing, yet poſſeſſing all things. I ſee all would be well, if my Heart were well; I will therefore form my Heart to my Eſtate, ſo ſhall I have an Eſtate according to my Heart.

The different Eſtate of good and bad Men.

69. WHEN I remember, ſaith one, *Job* ſitting on the Dunghill, *John* hungring in the Wilderneſs, St. *Peter* hanging on the Gibbet, then I think how ſeverely will God puniſh hereafter thoſe Reprobates whom he loaths

if he deals ſo ſharply with his Children whom he loves; if he do ſo much to his intimate Friends in the Time of Grace, what will he do to his profeſſed Enemies in the Day of Judgment? You therefore that deride the Miſeries of the Saints, Oh turn your Jeers into Fears, for Hell ſparkles out on Earth. On the contrary, Lord! When I conſider *Herod* in his Pomp, *Haman* in his Honour, *Ahaſuerus* at his Feaſt, &c. Then I think, if God drop ſo much into a Veſſel of wrath, what will he pour into a Veſſel of Mercy? If God do ſo much for a Slave on Earth, what will he do in Heaven for a Son? Therefore, ye holy Ones, that are ſo offended at the Flouriſhing of the Wicked, Oh, leave your Envy, and ſee your Glory! For Heaven lyes above Ground: As the Adverſity of the Saints ſhall therefore give me a Glimpſe

Glimpſe of Hell, ſo the Proſperity of the Wicked ſhall give me a Glance of Heaven.

The Priviledge of the Elect.

70. GOD hath made all things for his Elect, and his Elect for himſelf: All is yours, and you are Chriſt's. I will therefore ſerve my God in all things, my ſelf in nothing.

All Good derived from God.

71. THE Creature hath a Goodneſs in it, no further than it ſtands in reference to the chiefeſt Good: If you cut the Stream off from the Fountain, it will quickly loſe its ſweetneſs and pureneſs, and it ſelf at length: The Comforts and Enjoyments of the wicked, becauſe they flow not from the ſpring

of Love, they are but like dainty Channels mudded and imbittered with the wrath of God; fading Brooks, which at length will make the Soul ashamed, so that he which only enjoys the Creature in it self, shall lose the Creature and himself. The purest and the sweetest Mercies only run in the Rivulets, which are fed by the upper Celestial springs of Mercy: Therefore, O Lord! whatever I enjoy, let it stream from the Fountain of thy Love, and flow to me in the Blood of thy Son.

Blessings from God must be used for God.

72. AS the Rivers which flow from the Sea, run back again into the Sea, so those Blessings which come from God, must always be employed for God. What

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I have received from him in his Mercy, he muſt have it back again in his Glory: Therefore, Lord! Whatever I enjoy, let me find thee in it, and ſerve thee with it.

God to be loved for himſelf.

73. LOVE ſhould always be the Life of Motion: *Amor meus pondus meum, eo terror quacunque terror:* That Soul goes true that hath true Love to weigh it, and that Soul loves truly, that hath a true Object to center it; a gracious Spirit loves the Lord, not becauſe he does Good, but becauſe he is Good: I will not weigh that Friends Affection, that loves a fluent ſweetneſs, before an inherent Goodneſs: That Soul that loves Chriſt for himſelf, though you take away all Weights elſe, yet there is ſtrength enough in Love to

move and conſtrain the Soul. O bleſſed be that Saint, Lord! that is ſo taken with thy Love, that can truly ſay, Were there neither Heaven nor Hell, yet ſin ſhould be my Hell, and Holineſs my Heaven.

Life but a lingring Death.

74. TO ſpeak the Truth, our Life, what is it, but a vital Death? The Poet being asked, what he did? Anſwered very well, *Paulatim morior*, I dye by little and little: We do but then begin to live indeed, when we begin to live to God; our Life before is but a Race to the Sepulchre; but when we live to God, then we are in our way to Eternity. As *Alexander*, when he reckoned up his Age, counted not his Years, but his Victories. So when I take an Account of my Life, I will no reckon

reckon up my Time, but my Duties.

The Souls Three-fold Eſtate.

75. O Thou precious Saint, thou gracious Soul! Three Queſtions call for thy Anſwer, thy Anſwer for thy Praiſe. 1. What waſt thou? 2. What art thou? 3. What ſhalt thou be? 1. What waſt thou? A Rebel to thy God, a Prodigal to thy Father, a Slave to thy Luſt, an Alien from the Common-wealth of *Iſrael*. 2. What art thou? The Son of God, the Spouſe of Chriſt, the Temple of the Holy Ghoſt, begotten of the Immortal Seed, born of the Blood Royal of Heaven, made free among the Denizens of *Sion*, written among the Living of *Jeruſalem*. 3. What ſhalt thou be? A glorious Saint, a Companion of Cherubims,

rubims, a triumphant Victor, a crowned King, and an Attendant on the Lamb whereſoever he goeth, a Spectator of thoſe ſoul-raviſhing and ineffable Excellencies that are in God, the beholding of the King of Glory Face to Face, and enjoying immediate Communion with Jeſus Chriſt: Nay more, made one with Jeſus Chriſt, cloathed with his Excellencies, enthroned with his Glories, crowned with his Eternity, filled with his Felicity: The Glory which thou haſt given me, I have given them: Oh! ſtand amazed at free Grace: And ſeeing God hath made thy Soul a Veſſel filled with his Mercy, make thy ſelf, thy Life, a Spring flowing with his Praiſe.

God

God to be ſeen in his Creatures.

76. THE Soul takes its Riſe from every Creature to Heaven: When I ſee the Stars, Lord, I think if one Star be of ſuch Magnitude, what are the Dimenſions of thoſe Heavens in which ſo many are fixed? Nay, how immenſible is that God, whom the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain; When I ſee the Sun, I think, if one Sun make ſuch a glorious and luſtrious Day, what a glorious Heaven will that be, wherein every Saint ſhall be a Sun, and every Sun ſo far brighter than this, as this is brighter than our Bodies? And yet all theſe Suns are but a ſhadow to the Sun of Righteouſneſs. Again, when I conſider the riſing Sun how by the Perfection of his Beams, he puts Beauty, Life, and

Joy

Joy upon the Face of the whole Creation, paints the Flowers, guilds the Corn, puts a Flouriſh upon the Plants, chears and exhilarates the Birds, and makes the Valleys ſhout for Joy: I then think what ſhall be the ſhining Beauty, and ſoul-raviſhing Delights of that Soul, upon which the Brightneſs of thy Glory ſhall fully riſe and reſt, and into which the glorious ſplendor of thy Beauty ſhall clearly ſhine to all Eternity. And when I conſider the Air, this is my Thought, That as here I cannot think at all, unleſs I draw in this Air; ſo I cannot think well at all, except thou putteſt Goodneſs into my Thoughts. Lord, when I view the Variety of thy Creatures, and ſee one excel in Beauty, another in Strength, another in Wiſdom, another in Love, and of others in Swiftneſs; Lord, I think theſe are but

but Beams of thy Brightneſs, and Streams of thy Fulneſs; as they had only their Being from thy Hand, ſo they have only their Perfection in thy Eſſence; here they are mixt, but there they are pure: How happy then ſhall that Soul be, that enjoys all Perfection in God, and God infinitely above all? Lord, I ſee ſtately Buildings, ſhady Groves, and chryſtal Brooks, and pleaſant Meadows, and yet perhaps a wicked Man the Owner; why then I think, if *Simeon* goes away with ſuch a Meſs, what will *Benjamin*'s Portion be? If the Children of the Concubines have ſo large a Gift, what ſhall be the Inheritance of a Son of Promiſe? Again, when I look upon my ſelf in Temporals, Lord, I bleſs thee that I have convenient Sufficiency, a goodly Heritage, my Tents are by the Wells of *Elim*, my Portion is from

from the Hands of thy Wiſdom; and though Corruption may think it of the leaſt, yet Wiſdom it ſelf knows it to be beſt. Now, Lord, if thou giveſt me ſo much in the Time of my Vanity, what wilt thou do for me in the Day of my Glory? But above all, that ſweet Communion I enjoy with God, thoſe glorious Rays which ſhine from the Face of Chriſt, thoſe raviſhing Joys that flow from the Wells of Salvation, ſet me upon the Top of Mount *Nebo*, and give me the largeſt View of my Happineſs. For if the Lord give me ſo choice a Mercy for my Earneſt, how rich a bleſſing ſhall I have for my Inheritance? If this be the Firſt-Fruits, what ſhall be the full Harveſt? If the Lord lets me have ſuch a glorious Beam in my Priſon, what a glorious Sun ſhall ſhine in my Palace? If there be ſuch a Joy in the

the Expectation of what I ſhall be, what a Happineſs ſhall there be in the Conſummation of what I ſhall be?

The Soul made for the Enjoyment of God.

77. A *Naxagoras* being asked, what he thought he was, born for; anſwered, *Ut cælum contemplar*, That I may meditate upon Heaven. O my ſoul, what doſt thou think thou waſt reborn for? Is it not that thou mayeſt live in Heaven? God hath made thee to enjoy Communion with himſelf, thou needeſt not ſtay one hour on Earth, but with *Enoch*, ſpend thy Days with God, walk and converſe with Jeſus Chriſt in the Galleries of his Love, with *Moſes* live on the Mount of Glory. Why then, my dear Soul, art thou one Hour out of Heaven?

Heaven, O live ſo ſtrictly, and walk ſo cloſely with God, that thou mayeſt ſay with *David*, *Whether I awake in the Morning, or whether I walk abroad in the Day, I am ever with thee.*

The near Union between God and the Soul.

78. LOrd! How near wilt thou bring me to thy ſelf? Muſt I abide in thee, and thou in me? Muſt we be of one Soul, and of one Spirit? Is it not enough, that I muſt always repoſe my ſelf in the Boſom of thy ſweeteſt Affections, that I ſhould always be encloſed in the Embraces of choiceſt Love, that I ſhould be ever wrapt up in the Bowels of thy tendereſt Mercies? But muſt I ſo dwell with thee, and wilt thou ſo dwell in me, as to be made an equal Sharer in thy

Bliſs,

Bliſs, a Partner in thy Glory? What is Man, that thou ſhouldeſt ſo regard him? What am I, that thou ſhouldeſt ſo remember me? Lord, let thy Mercies ſo conſtrain me, that all my Affections may run out unto thee, and all my ſtrength may run out for thee.

The Chriſtian a Spiritual Temple.

79. EVERY real Chriſtian is the ſpiritual Temple of the living God: Worldly Cares, and Earthly Deſire, are the Buyers and the Sellers that pollute this Temple: Now what an unworthy part is this, to make the Houſe of God a Den of Thieves? What an Idolatrous ſin is this; to ſet up *Dagon* by the Ark, a Luſt by Chriſt; Again, Every Member is a Veſſel of that Temple: Now, what a debaſing thing is this, to take theſe golden

den Veſſels, with that drunken King, and employ them to a ſordid Uſe? To take that Heart which ſhould be filled with God, and fill it with Luſt? Thoſe Ears which ſhould be always ready to hear what God ſhall ſpeak, to lay them open to a detracting Tale, a fooliſh Jeſt? That Tongue that ſhould be ſetting out the Praiſes, and muſt hereafter be ſinging forth that ſweet triumphant Hallelujah, for to defile it now with idle Speeches, lying Words? What a ſacrilegious thing is this, to let forth Gods Veſſels to ſin, and Gods Rooms to Luſt? O Lord, therefore what thou takeſt to be thine own, own, Rule, and uſe it as thy own.

Right Performance of Duty.

80. MY Duties are then upright with God, when they turn me into the very Nature of themſelves. It was S. *Hierom*'s Praiſe of *Nepolitan*, That by his continual Reading, and daily Meditation, he made his Breaſt the very Library of Chriſt. This is the Praiſe of a Chriſtian, when he ſhall ſo hear that the Word abideth in him; it is as it were incorporated into him; when he ſhall ſo read, as that he ſhall make himſelf a living Epiſtle, ſo that the World may read again in his Life, what he hath read before in the World; when he ſhall ſo bleſs God, as to make himſelf his Praiſe; when he ſhall ſo pray, as that every Petition ſhall as ſo many living Veins run through his Practice; when his Duties

ties ſhall be the Fire, and his Life the Incenſe, this is the only ſweet acceptable Sacrifice; till Worſhip is diſtilled into Practice, it is but an empty Cloud; till Duties are as Vitals in our walkings, they are but dead Performances. Lord, therefore let my Duties receive Life from thy Spirit, and let my walkings receive Life from thoſe Duties.

The evil of the Heart, or an evil Heart.

81. I Read of *Baſil*, that he perſwaded himſelf if he were in the Wilderneſs, free from the Company of Men, he ſhould be happy, and ſerve God more devoutly; but when he came there, he ſaid, I have forſaken all things, but yet I retain my old Heart. I have often ſought the privateſt Place for Duty,

Duty, and have often preſt to hear the beſt Men, and to enjoy the beſt Means, thinking to have gained much Ground in the Advantages of the Place, and of the Ordinance; and yet, Lord, I have got but little Good, becauſe I ſtill carry with me a bad Heart. This is then that *Remora* that ſtays my Ship in its Courſe to Heaven. So that I find it is not he (with S. *Baſil*) that treads the Path of Retiredneſs, that grows in Grace; but he that (with that Father) walks firſt into the Cloyſters of his own Heart, in the ſecret Places and crooked Turnings of his own Spirit. It is not he that comes to the pure Ordinances, that advances his Communion with God; but it is he that brings a pure Heart. Lord, I have often ſearched my Heart, and ſtill my Heart deceiveth me in the ſearch. Oh come and fit my Heart for eve-

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ry Duty, that every Duty may be fit for thy ſelf.

The Chriſtians daily Warfare.

82. PRinces combate with Fleſh and Blood, Chriſtians wreſtle with Principalities and Powers; their Wars give Days of Truce, ours not a Minute of Ceſſation; Conditions of Peace there may cauſe Retreat, nothing but Death here can raiſe the Siege. Kings, if overcome, may ſave themſelves by Flight, but Chriſtians may as ſoon fly from themſelves as from their Enemies. Whatſoever may make a Battle dangerous, here it is, whether Policy, Potency, Cruelty, or Perpetuity. Not only the Powers of Earth, but all the Forces and Stratagems of Hell, are always charged upon thy Soul: ſo that a Chriſtian is not in a Garriſon of Reſt

Reſt, but in a Field of Conflict, and he cannot let fall his Hands, but *Amaleck* prevails. Not to be a Conqueror, is to be a Priſoner; not to win the Field, is to loſe the Soul. Security wounds thee, yielding kills thee, nothing but Victory crowns thee: Therefore watch as for thy Life, fight as for thy Soul; the time will come, theſe Enemies thou ſeeſt to day, thou ſhalt ſee them no more for ever; when thou ſhalt lay down thy Sword, and take up thy Palm, and ſolemnize thy Victory in glory to perpetuity. A certain Man rehearſing a ſad Oration to *Ariſtotle*, in Praiſe of thoſe that were ſlain in the Wars by the *Lacedemonians*, received this Anſwer from him. *Quales igitur noſtros eſſe putas qui iſtos vicerunt*? If thoſe were ſuch brave and valiant Men, what doſt thou think that we are that overcame

those? What though now we read a sad Relation of the Potency and Policy of our Enemies, and find the heavy Experience of it; yet how glorious and victorious dost thou think we shall one Day be, when in the strength of Christ we shall have overcome those Enemies? What though my Assaults be many, my Enemies mighty, if God strengthen me, I have enough to comfort me: for the greater my Enemy, the more glorious my Victory; and the more glorious my Victory, the more triumphant my Glory.

Of Godly and Worldly Sorrows.

83. I Have seen some Christians, that for ordinary Losses have been inordinate in their Mourning, as if not only the Stream, but the Fountain had been exhausted; whereas if the Understanding part of

of the Soul did truly act it ſelf, it would reaſon thus; What muſt the Stream of my Sorrow run altogether in this Channel? Is there no Mourning to be made for ſin; What, ſhall I ſuffer my Heart to ſwim away in Tears? Are there no Duties to be performed for God? And do I not know that a ſad Heart cannot ſerve a good God? I have loſt the Creature, but I muſt keep my God; I have parted with an outward Comfort, but I ſhall meet it again with Advantage in Jeſus Chriſt; I have loſt ſomething, were it more, were it all, ſo that I were not the Owner of any thing, yet enjoying Chriſt, I ſhould be the Poſſeſſor of all things: the failing Stream ſhall but therefore ſend me to the flowing Fountain. Thus did the Soul put forth it ſelf, it would quickly ſweeten thoſe bitter Waters, and

preſently turn thoſe Tears into Dirties. For my part, I will mourn for the Loſs of the Creature, but it ſhall be in the Cauſe, which is Sin; ſo ſhall my Sorrow be godly, and not worldly; and I will never be ſatisfied, till I make good the Abſence of the Creature, but it ſhall be in the Fountain, which is Chriſt; ſo ſhall it be a Gain, and not a Loſs.

Benefit of Adverſity.

84. 'TIS obſerved as a point of Wiſdom in Husbandry, to ſet thoſe Plants together that have an Antipathy in their Natures, and draw ſeveral Juices out of the Earth; therefore it is thought, a Roſe ſet by Garlick is ſweeter, becauſe the more fetid Juice of the Earth goes into the Garlick, and the more odorate into the Roſe. I am ſure 'tis true in Spirituals; there-

therefore I wonder not why Afflictions are the Portion of the Righteous, for I ſee Proſperity is too ſtrong a Sucker to exhauſt and ſteal the ſpiritual Sap and celeſtial Vigor of the Soul, and ſo to debilitate the Principles of Growth and Life. Whereas Adverſity hath a contrary Extraction, it only draws out what may be malignant, and leaves behind it what may be for Nouriſhment; it takes the Dregs, and leaves the Spirits, whereby the Soul is elevated, and made more fruitful in the Works of Holineſs. Therefore, Lord, ſo I may but grow, if the Flowers of the World be too ſucculent, tranſplant me among the Briars.

Variety of a Christian Condition.

85. WHEN I look up to Heaven, how oft do I both see the Sun shine and set? When I look down into my Soul, how oft do I see my Comfort rise and fall? Eye but that Ship which now seems to touch the Clouds, and you shall see it in the Depth anon, as if it would be swallowed by the Waves. One while a Christian is upon Mount *Tabor*, and hath a glance of Heaven; another while lies in the Valley of *Bochim*, weeping because he hath lost the sight of his Countrey. *Joshuah*'s long Day is many times turned into *Paul*'s sad Night. God would quicken our Affections; therefore now and then he gives us a glance of Heaven, that so we might be in Love with that we see

ſee; and now and then he draws a black Veil over that bright Viſion, that ſo we might not loath what we did love. He ſuffers our happineſs here to be imperfect, that ſo we may be preſſing on to that Place where we ſhall be perfectly happy. Lord, when thou ſheweſt thy ſelf, let me love thee; and when thou withdraweſt thy ſelf, let me follow thee; and under all theſe Changes here, let my Soul be always breathing, panting, longing, and reaching after thee, till I ſhall ſo perfectly enjoy thee, that I may never looſe thee.

Gods Preſence makes all Conditions comfortable.

86. WHere the King is, there is the Court; and where the Preſence of God is, there is Heaven. Art thou in Priſon with

St. *Paul* and *Silas*, if God be with thee, thou wilt ſing thy Halleluiahs. Art thou at the Stake with bleſſed Martyrs; as the Beams of the Sun puts out the Fire, ſo the Beams of Gods Countenance puts out the Flames, and turns their Troubles into Comforts; ſo that 'tis but winking, and thou art in Heaven. Therefore that Soul that enjoys the Lord, though it may want the Sun or Moon to ſhine in Creature Comforts, worldly Delights to ſolace it, yet it needs them not, for the Glory of God doth enlighten it, and the Lamb is the Light thereof; God himſelf irradiates it with the Brightneſs of his Beauty, and Chriſt himſelf fills it with Joy unſpeakable, and full of Glory. This God brings his Heaven with him, and that Man that enjoys God carries Heaven about him; ſo that here is his Happineſs caſt

cast him into a Dungeon, in a Furnace, when you please, yet he is still in Heaven. Therefore for my part, Lord, give me thy self, and then deal how thou pleasest with me.

The miserable End of wicked Men.

87. MARK the wicked Man, though his *Intreat* may be Comical, his *Exit* is always Tragical. *Belshazzar* in his first Scene is revelling out his Time in Sin and Pleasure, feasting and carousing with his Concubines in the Vessels of the Lord; but view him in the Catastrophe, and you shall find the Hand-writing, and him trembling, *Darius* rending away his Kingdom, and Death snatching away his Life. If you look upon the Entrance of a wicked Man, his Gates are Riches, his Seats Honour,

his Paths, Pleaſures; he goes delicately, fares deliciouſly every Day, he hath more than Heart can wiſh, but wait his going out, and ſee a ſad Concluſion, in a Moment he goes down to Hell. The Man is caſt out from God as an everlaſting Curſe: Deſtruction cloſes her Mouth upon him, and his place beholds him no more: his Body is wrapt in the Duſt, his Soul is buried in the Flames, and his Name is covered with Darkneſs. But now behold the perfect Man, it may be thou mayeſt ſee a few tragical Scenes, the World hating, mocking, perſecuting him; but the end of that Man is Peace. Though he may come forth weeping, yet he goes off rejoycing; though he came forth combating, yet he goes out triumphing, ſo that the Saints and Angels clap their Hands for joy. When I therefore judge of

a happy Man, I'll wait his end, I care not for his Entrance.

Deceitful Riches leave us at our Death, but our good Works follow us.

88. EArthly Riches, were they true Riches, yet they are not ours, or were they ours, yet they were not true, becauſe they are unuſeful to the Soul. Nay, for the moſt part our golden heaps are but the miſerable Spoils of precious Souls: *Dives aut malus eſt, aut hæres mali.* And then they are not ours, becauſe we cannot carry them with us when we leave the World: *Thou Fool, this Night ſhall thy Soul be taken from thee*, &c. and then thou ſhalt quickly know whoſe thy Soul ſhall be, which thou haſt by theſe things ſo ſinfully abuſed; but thou ſhalt never know

know whose these things shall be, which thou hast so miserably provided. When we awake at the last Day, we shall find nothing of all those things in our Hands. Those things that are of the World (saith S. *Ambrose*) we shall leave them behind us in the World, only Vertue is the Companion of the Dead. These things shall fail us, but our good Works shall follow us, and abide with us for ever. Would'st thou be truly Rich? Be not only in getting of Goods, but in doing of Good, raise Vertue out of Vanity; so shalt thou lay up Goods indeed for Eternity.

A Competency better than Abundance.

89. I Have not far to my Home, therefore I need not make much Provision for my Way, Food and

and Rayment will be ſufficient for my Journey, Superfluity will but prove a Burden. While *Jacob* had only his Staff, he went on freely in his Way; but when he had his Flocks and Herds, he drives but ſlowly. We ſee it daily, that rich Men either loſe their Paths, or ride but little Ground; while poor Men run the Ways of Gods Commandments. I am well enough if I have but enough to carry me well to Heaven. I will therefore deſire no more than what will mend my Pace, and ſerve me in my Journey.

Serve God in the Uſe of Means.

90. WE muſt not preſume upon the Means without God, nor upon God without the Means: Not upon the Means without God, becauſe the Pipe cannot convey,

convey, except the Spring communicates: Not upon God without the Means, becauſe the goings forth of Providence are always in the Paths of Diligence. Therefore in the Aſſault of *Amaleck*, whilſt *Moſes* goes to Prayer, *Joſhua* muſt go and fight: So the Proceedings of a Chriſtians Faith ſhould always be upon the Mount, and Induſtry in the Valley: while the Heart is lifted up, the Hand ſhould be ſtretched out. He only may reſt in God, that hath been reſtleſs in the Means. He that can fully lay out himſelf in Gods Way, may confidently lay up his Faith in Gods Providence. I muſt ſow my Seed, and wait upon the Clouds, do my Work, and leave the Event to God: I muſt neither be idle in the Means, nor make an Idol of the Means: I will therefore henceforth lay my Hands to the Means, as if they were all in all; and

and yet raiſe my eye above the Means, as if they were nothing at all.

The Excellency of a Chriſtian.

91. CIcero ſpake at random, when he ſaid, *Ad Decus & libertatem nati ſumus*, We are born to Liberty and Honour. Is it thou, O regenerate Soul, that art born a Child of Love, and Heir of Glory; thou art he, O excellent Saint! that art cloathed with the Sun, and crowned with the Stars, and reckoned among the Angels of God. O think upon thy Dignity, and conſider, will an Emperour live like a Beggar? Is it a becoming thing for thoſe that are cloathed in Scarlet to embrace a Dunghil? Am I born of God, and ſhall I live like a Man? Hath God raiſed my Spirits with the higheſt Excellencies, and ſhall I ſtain

ſtain my Nobleneſs, with poor empty Vanities? May I feed upon Chriſt, and ſhall I feed upon Duſt? Shall I ſit to judge the World, and ſhall I be a Drudge to the World? Hath Chriſt prepared for me a Manſion in the Heavens, and ſhall I be grovelling in the Earth? Am I a Child of Light, and ſhall I commit the Works of Darkneſs? No, (as *Seneca* ſays) I am born to great and higher things, than to be a Slave unto Luſt, or a Drudge unto the World.

Divine Love.

92. PURE Love runs clearly out of it ſelf into the Boſom of the Object that's beloved. Heavenly Love centers no lower than Heaven it ſelf; it is only God it loves and it is only in God it lives. If Love is a Beam, it is only as it ſtands

ſtands in reference to the Sun; if it loves the Creature, it is only as it's a ſtep to advance it nearer God. Lord, I would not care for Heaven, were it not for thee; neither would I love my ſelf, were I not in thee.

The Soul's Reſt.

93 HEaven is the very Element, and Chriſt is the Centre of every gracious Soul, Heaven only is the breathing place, and Chriſt only is the reſting place; there's the place of its reſpiration, and here's the Seat of its Repoſe; it cannot live out of that Element, and it cannot reſt out of this Centre. It is always ſtrugling till it gets to Heaven, always rolling till it comes to Chriſt: *Return unto thy Reſt, O my Soul,* ſaid *David.* Lord, let me draw no Breath, but that which I fetch from Heaven,

Heaven, and never let me reſt till I reſt in thee.

The Souls Progreſs.

94. I See Man is not only contented with a Being, but is ſtill aſpiring to an eminency in that Being; as Plants are continually growing up, till they come to that Maturity which makes them perfect: So Man, he is always preſſing forward, till he comes to his propoſed End, he thinks will make him happy. O my Soul, God is the End and Excellency, and thy Happineſs lies in moving forward, till thou come to thy Perfection. Be thou always riſing, until thou comeſt to reſt in the Boſom of the Lord.

The

The Souls Reſemblance of Chriſt.

95. THE cloſer Aſſociation that we have here with Chriſt, the nearer Aſſimilation we ſhall have to Chriſt. *Moſes* did but talk with God, and how did his Face ſhine with a Beam of God? You may quickly know a Soul that doth converſe and is familiar with Jeſus Chriſt, you ſhall ſee it ſhining forth with the Glories of Chriſt, as Wiſdom makes the Face to ſhine, ſo Jeſus Chriſt makes the Soul to ſhine; ſo that he that Judiciouſly looks upon him, can divine that Soul hath met with, and ſeen the Lord. I ſee by the ſtrong Reflects of the Beams of Righteouſneſs, that he hath been long in viewing of the Son of Righteouſneſs; he carries the very Image of Chriſt upon him, and the very Beauty of Chriſt about him; he looks like

like Chriſt, ſpeaks like Chriſt, walks like Chriſt, he lives like Chriſt, he is juſt like Chriſt, and knows he comes from Chriſt. That Soul that is always beholding the Glory of the Lord ſhall be changed into the ſame Image from Glory to Glory. If that Soul be ſo glorious that beholds God darkly, reflectively, as in a Glaſs, and enjoys God at a diſtance; how glorious ſhall that Soul be, that ſhall ſee him clearly and directly Face to Face, and enjoy his immediate Communion with Jeſus Chriſt? We ſhall then be like him indeed, when we ſhall ſee him as he is; our Bodies ſhall be like his, our Souls ſhall be like his, our Glory ſhall be like his, our Eternity ſhall be like his, who is the God of Beauty, Excellency and Sweetneſs, Concord, Happineſs and Eternity. O Lord, let me have ſuch clear Viſions, ſuch ſweet Fruitions of thee, that I may not only here-

hereafter be happy as thou art happy, but may likewiſe now be holy, as thou art holy.

The Life of Faith.

96. THE Life of Faith is the nobleſt, richeſt, contentedſt, eaſieſt, trueſt Life of all. It is the nobleſt Life, for it takes the Soul out of the Houſe of *Adam*, and carries it into the Houſhold of God. It makes the Soul forget her Fathers Houſe, and eſpouſeth it to the King of Glory. And then it is the pleaſanteſt Life, it lives upon the choiceſt Excellency, and higheſt Felicity, often wrapt up in the third Heaven, to take its Repaſt in inexpreſſible Glory. It walks in the Paths of Pleaſantneſs, and under all the Heats of Troubles and Afflictions, it ſhades it ſelf under the Arbor of Paradiſe. And then it is the richeſt Life,

Life, if our Deſires be according to our Wants, it is impoſſible we ſhould want above what we deſire. *Tantum quiſque habet quantum credit*, Every Man hath (ſaith a Father) according to his Faith; and, *Be it unto thee according to thy Faith*, ſaith Chriſt. And then it is the contentedſt Life, it carries the fading Creature and lays him upon Chriſt, and under all Mutability ſtill holds faſt All-ſufficiency, and ſo ſits down contentedly, then it is the eaſieſt Life: Faith looks not on the ſtrictneſs or Difficulty of Duty, but on the power and ſtrength of Chriſt; therefore if it meet with a hard Precept, it diſſolves it into a ſweet Promiſe, it carries it to a loving Chriſt, pleads it out till he hath drawn out a Proportionable Strength to facilitate and make eaſie the Duty. In fine, it is the trueſt and the onlieſt Life, for he is dead in ſin that doth not live by

by Faith: Therefore, as one ſaid, *Non vivere, ſed valere, Vita eſt*; Not to live, but to be well, is Life, So may I ſay, not to live well only, but to believe, is to live, and to live well indeed.

The wiſe Choice.

97. IF God be the higheſt Perfection in himſelf, and the higheſt good to the Creature, then it is the higheſt Wiſdom of the Creature to chuſe him, and the higheſt piece of his Duty to live in Obſervance of him. If all Creatures muſt certainly appear before this great Majeſty, and bow unto him, I admire the Wiſdom of the Godly, and wonder at the Folly of the Wicked. And ſeeing this certainly, and of Neceſſity muſt be, Lord, let me be of the Number of thoſe that chuſe thee here, ſo as for ever hereafter

after I may enjoy thee; and not of the Number of those that refuse thee here, and must for ever hereafter be separated from thee.

Grace only shall enter Heaven.

98. GRaces are the very Courtiers of Heaven, those wait upon Christ in his Privy-Chamber. Honour, Riches, Credit, and the like, may do much below, you may keep out your Betters here, but in the Palace of the King of Glory, you must stand by for ever. It is only Faith, Love, Humility, and the like, that shall have Admittance into the Presence Chamber: Moral Vertues, you must likewise walk without. All that go bravely are not qualified for such a Presence; you are out *splendida peccata*, beautiful Abominations, base Hearts wrapped up in brave Cloaths, Parts and Gifts:

you

you may ſtay and wait at the Gate, but I can tell you there is a ſpecial Command gone forth, that none but Grace and Holineſs ſhall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven: therefore you may receive your Anſwer if you pleaſe, only theſe are welcome to the King of Glory, only theſe are familiar and converſant with Jeſus Chriſt. Therefore as the Queen of *Sheba* ſaid of the Servants of *Solomon*, ſo may I ſay of the Graces of Gods Spirit, which are only the Retainers of Jeſus Chriſt, Oh happy are theſe thy Men, and happy are theſe thy Servants, O God, which ſtand continually before thee, and hear thy Wiſdom, and ſee thy Glory! True Love doth not only preſerve every heavenly Motion of the Soul, but raiſeth the Soul it ſelf to the higheſt Perfection. The more I love, the more I ſhall be beloved, and the fuller Participation ſhall I have of

him, who is altogether lovely. St. *Bernard* ſpeaks fully to it, *Summum bonum amare, eſt ſumma beatitudo*; To love the chiefeſt Good is the greateſt happineſs. The pureſt and the fulleſt Love ſhall always wear the weightieſt Crown of Glory. Lord, perfect this Grace in me, that ſo I may be perfect in loving thee.

Death vanquiſh'd.

99. THE *Iſraelites* muſt firſt paſs over *Jordan*, before they land in *Canaan*; but no ſooner did the Feet of the Prieſts that bear the Ark of the Covenant reſt in the Water, but the proud Waves ſaw it and fled, and the ſwelling Streams were driven back, and laid in heaps, to make them paſs over ſafe and well: So every Child of God is like an *Iſraelite* in the Wilderneſs of this World, travelling to the Land of Promiſe;

Promiſe; Death is that *Jordan* that runs between this Wilderneſs and our *Canaan*; it is that ſwelling Stream that overflows the Banks of every mortal Creature, it is that laſt River which muſt be paſſed over: But this is the Happineſs of a Child of God, that Jeſus Chriſt our High Prieſt, that bears the everlaſting Covenant on his Shoulders, hath already dipp'd his Feet in the Brims of this Water, inſomuch that the Streams of Bitterneſs are diverted, the Sting of Death pluck'd out, the Water of the ſalt Sea is dried up, and the Power of the Curſe cut off, ſo that Death is but a ſure ſtep unto Glory. Why then am I afraid to die, the Channel is dry, and I ſee the Foot-ſteps of my Saviour in the bottom, and Heaven and Happineſs on the other ſide? ſo that the Waters ſhall not go over my Soul, they may go over my ſins, they may go over my

Miſeries, they may go over my Troubles, but my Soul ſhall go over to its Reſt. Lord, therefore fit and ſanctifie me for my Removal, and then take down my Tent, I cannot be too ſoon with thee.

The Happineſs of the other World.

100. HEre the Veſſel is too capacious to be filled with all the Pleaſures and Delights the World can lay together; but hereafter our Pleaſures and Delights ſhall be too full for the moſt capacious Veſſel to comprehend; our Glory ſhall be ſo great, that Power as well as Goodneſs ſhall come forth from God himſelf, for to renew and enlarge theſe Veſſels, that ſo they may be capable to receive and retain that Glory, Strength and Love, ſhall go forth together for to prepare and raiſe our Diſpoſitions, that they may be

be ſuitable for ſuch a tranſcendent and high Condition. We are too weak for ſuch a weight of Glory, therefore God will bear us up, that we may bear up in; and becauſe our Joys cannot fully enter into us, we ſhall fully enter into them. Who would then ſet ſo large a Veſſel as the Soul under a few Drops of carnal Pleaſure, and neglect the Spring and Spouts of everlaſting Joy? O my Soul, what a glorious Day is there coming, when the Veſſels of Mercy ſhall be caſt in the Ocean of Mercy, and be filled, to the Brim with Mercy? when the Sons of Pleaſure ſhall drink their Fills at the Torrents of Pleaſures, and be ſet for ever at reſt in the Rivers of Pleaſure? when the Soul that is ſick of Love, ſhall lie in the Boſom of Love, and for ever take its Fill of Love? when the Children of God ſhall have a full Fruition of God, and be for ever ſatisfied

with the Presence of God, the Joy of which glorious Presence, the Fulness of which Joy, the Sweetness of which Fulness, the Eternity of which Sweetness, the Heart of Man in its largest Thoughts cannot conceive. Lord, let the Thoughts of the Joy and Glory which thou hast prepared for me in the Heavens, turn away my Soul from the Pleasures and Delights which are presented to me on Earth, that so neglecting them, I may be pressing to thee, and be breathing forth with thine, O *when I shall come and appear before God!*

Pious

Pious Reflections OF A Devout READER.

AND now being *refreſhed* with theſe *fragrant Leaves*, what ſhall I ſay? *Bleſſed Author!* art thou yet alive? Breath longer in this fruitful Air, and extract more out of ſo rich a Stock. A Scribe ſo well inſtructed cannot have ſpent all, but muſt have new or old to bring out of his Treaſure. Do not hide, but improve thy *Talent*. Be not only a good and wiſe, but faithful Steward, and yield us more of thy pleaſant Fruits. Thou haſt begun well, who! What ſhould hinder thee? Thy preſent (were there no ſucceeding)

ing) Reward is Spur enough to future Work. Religion is Recreation, and Heaven is the way to Heaven: Good Men are there on this ſide the Grave. Thy longing Soul was ſtill peeping into it, and ſending thy thoughts as Spies to view this Promiſed Land. But art thou at reſt from thy Labours? This (among others) thy Work follows thee, and hath here erected thy laſting Monument. Where-ever thou wert buried, Obſcurity ſhall not ſwallow thee. Every good Heart that knew thee is thy Tomb, and every Tongue writes thee an Epitaph: good Men ſpeak well of thee, but above all, God delights in thee. Thy thoughts were ſtill fluttering upwards, richly fraught with *Divine Breathings*, and ever aſpiring, till unlading themſelves in the Boſom of thy Beloved. We are hugely thankful that a few dropt from thee, for the Comfort and Example of fainting

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ing ſluggiſh Mortals below. Thou liveſt in Deed, while moſt live only in ſhew, and haſt changed thy Place, but not thy Company. Bluſh and be aſhamed, my drouſie Soul, at Sight or Thought of ſuch active Chriſtians. Theſe are redeeming times; whilſt thou art miſpending it, theſe are working, and thou loytering; theſe are converſing with God whilſt thou art following or trifling in the World, theſe are digging in Scripture Mines, whilſt thou paſſeſt over them, as barren empty things; backward to read, ſlow to hear, moſt averſe to ruminate on the World. *David* meditated Day and Night, but thou ſcarce Day or Night. Shall God be to thee hereafter all in all, and here as nothing at all; have all thy thoughts then, and be afforded ſo few now? Is he thy Portion, and wilt thou live no more upon him? thy Treaſure and thy Heart ſo ſeldom

dom with him? Is there ſo much in God and his Attributes, in Chriſt and his Offices, in the Spirit and his Working, in the Law and its Exactneſs, in the Goſpel and its Sweetneſs, in Grace and its Excellency, in the World and its Vanity, in the Guilt of Sin, in the Beauty of Holineſs, in the Precioufneſs of the Soul, in the Paucity that ſhall be ſaved, in the Frailty of Life, in the Certainty of Death, in the Torments of Hell, in the Happineſs of Heaven, in the Unalterableneſs of Judgment? And art thou barren in ſo fruitful a Soil? only a Cumberer of the Ground, notwithſtanding all the Coſt beſtowed upon thee? O ſee thou be not only alive, but a lively Chriſtian. Canſt thou think of an eternal weight of Glory, and reſt contented with a little Work? Who ever ſerved God for nought? Hath he not paſſed his Word to make thee amends for all thou

thou canſt do or ſuffer for his ſake? What harm is there in an heavenly Life? what Diſhonour in adorning thy Maker? What great Danger in being ſtrictly religious? What Diſcomfort to live and die in the ſenſe of Gods Favour? where is thy beſt Friend? What is thy chief Intereſt? What wilt thou wiſh upon a dying Bed? Who doth, or who can do moſt for thee? What into another World will accompany thee? O live in the ſenſe of dreadful happy Eternity, and of the difference to ſtand with boldneſs before the Judge, when the careleſs World ſhall ſtand trembling. Let Heaven be always in thy Eye, the World under thy Feet, Chriſt neareſt thy Heart, the laſt Trump in thy Ear, the Work (the World) of God in thy Hand, and his Praiſes continually in thy Lips. Liſten what Yellings under thee, hearke what Acclamations over thee? look round

round, what Snares are laid for thee; Behold whose Eye is upon thee, what haste Death makes towards thee, how near thy Course is finishing; See who stands holding thy sparkling Crown, how the Wicked would die like thee, how the Devils for Envy grin at thee, how the Angels rejoyce over thee, stand round thee, and long to be carrying thee; thy Father will be no longer without thee. Yet a little while, and God shall wipe away all Tears, turn every holy Desire into an Embracement, every Prayer into a Song of Praise, every Sigh into an Hallelujay, every Tear into a Pearl, every Stone of Reproach into a Diamond in thy glittering Crown, Reflection into Possession, Faith into Vision, Hope into Fruition, the Glass into Face, for we shall see him as he is, to whom be Glory for ever. *Amen.*

FINIS.